The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The December Bookman will, as usual, be a Christmas Double Number. It will be profusely illustrated, will contain several full-page colour plates, and a portfolio of beautiful engravings in colour will be presented with each number. The literary contents will include a special centenary article on "Gladstone as a Man of Letters," an unusually large number of miscellaneous articles and reviews, and a fully illustrated special Supplement, the whole forming a comprehensive and most serviceable guide to the season's books.

Our presentation plate portrait of Mark Lemon is from a print that hangs in Mr. Bradbury's room at the *Punch* office, and was photographed specially for The Bookman by kind permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., with whose permission also we reproduce several cartoons and sketches from the early numbers of *Punch*. We reproduce on our cover Mr. Bradbury's portrait of Lemon, and *Punch's* earliest cover design. For much assistance with the other illustrations connected with Mark Lemon we are greatly indebted to the kindness of Mr. M. H. Spielmann, Messrs. Cassell, Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Messrs. Macmillan, the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*, and to Mark Lemon's daughters, Lady Romer and Mrs. Alice Martin.

Mark Lemon.
From an old photograph kindly lent by his daughter, Mrs. Alice Martin.

Mrs. Martin makes an interesting reference to her father's grave at Crawley. It is a very simple one, as will be seen from our photograph of it, and its perfect simplicity is accounted for by the fact that he objected to head-stones, crosses, and flower-growing, and wished, as he put it, "to lie under the daisies." The marble coping was given by the members of the *Punch* staff.

Photo by Wakefield, Ealing, W. **Mr. Austin Dobson.**

The story of Mark Lemon's association with *Punch* is related, of course, by Mr. Spielmann in his "History of *Punch*" (Cassell), and there are many memorable glimpses of him and stories about him in "A Great *Punch* Editor: Being the Life, Letters, and Diaries of Shirley Brooks," by George Somes Layard (Pitman).

"Some of the Moderns," a new book by Mr. Frederick Wedmore, is to consist of a series of essays on ten artists of our own time whose work has won the admiration not only of the author himself but of those studious and discriminating collectors who are able to appreciate genius living as well as genius that is dead. The artists selected are William Nicholson, Théodore Roussel, P. Wilson Steer, Bertram Priestman, Walter Sickert, David Muirhead, H. M. Livens, Philip Connard, Muirhead Bone, and William Orpen. There will be a large number of excellent and tastefully produced illustrations. The book, only a limited edition of which is to be issued, will be published by Messrs. Virtue & Co., who are also publishing next month "Netherlorn and its Neighbourhood," an interesting and authoritative record by Dr. Patrick H. Gillies of the history and folklore of that picturesque part of the Highlands. The work will be illustrated with over seventy special drawings by Mr. A. Scott Rankin. From the same publishers comes the 34th "Art Annual," which is written this year by R. E. D. Sketchley, and devoted to the art of the eminent painter J. W. Waterhouse, R.A. It contains beautiful facsimile plates in colours, mounted on tinted papers, of his paintings, "The Missal," "Flora and the Zephyrs," "Hylas and the Nymphs," and "The Soul of the Rose," and the frontispiece is a fine hand-printed etching after "The Lady of Shalott." There are reproductions of upwards of forty other pictures, many of which have never before been reproduced.

Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. are publishing immediately a new and enlarged edition of Mr. Austin Dobson's collected poems.

Is there any authentic portrait of Jane Austen? The just-published "Jane Austen and Her Country-House Comedy," by Mr. W. H. Helm, the well-known literary critic of the *Morning Post*, contains a charming frontispiece portrait of her that came into existence in an interesting and unorthodox fashion. There are only two known portraits of Jane Austen, one showing her as a child of about fifteen, which is always supposed to have been painted by Zoffany, and the other the familiar drawing by her sister Cassandra, picturing her in a cap. Lord Brabourne was satisfied of the authenticity of the first and used it as a frontispiece for his edition of the "Letters," but Mr. Helm finds that one or two members of the Austen family have doubts as to whether it does not represent some other Jane Austen altogether. Neither of these two portraits seems to justify the verbal descriptions left by contemporary relations, descriptions that

Photo by Reed, 443, West Strand. **Mr. W. H. Helm.**

for the most part are quite consistent one with the other. Therefore, from these different sources —from the two pictures and the verbal descriptions —Mr. Helm's daughter endeavoured to evolve a portrait which should bring all the ascertainable facts about Jane Austen's appearance into harmony. Evidently the portrait thus produced cannot be authentic, and Mr. Helm makes no claim to authenticity for it in his book, but he argues that it is at least as true as are most of the portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, and that it must be more like Jane Austen than the Droeshout portrait is like Shakespeare. Well, we are not going to dispute that, because Mr. Helm will probably come across plenty of others who will.

Mr. Edward Arnold is publishing shortly "Recollections of South Africa," by Lady Sarah Wilson. As every one remembers, Lady Sarah Wilson was a war correspondent in South Africa, and was taken prisoner by the Boers outside Mafeking.

A new and important book dealing with the English Channel will be published by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson early next year. It has been written by Mr. E. Keble Chatterton, who is making progress upon another work connected with the ever-fascinating subject of ships and the sea. Lately, Mr. Chatterton wrote for Messrs.

Photo by Lafayette, Ltd., 173, New Bond Street, W.

Lady Sarah Wilson.

Photo by Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street.

Mr. E. Keble Chatterton.

Stanley Paul & Co. a novel founded on Mr. Cecil Raleigh's popular Drury Lane drama, "The Marriages of Mayfair," and he is writing for the same publishers a new Christmas book for younger readers, to which he is giving the title of "The Boy's Book." This, however, will not see the light until the Christmas of 1910.

Mr. Chatterton is an Oxford man, and graduated B.A. in 1898. After engaging for some time in tutorial work, he entered London journalism, and for a good while contributed regularly to several papers on Art and the Drama. He sub-edited the *Art Record*, and did a deal of work in the collation of Ruskin's MSS. for Messrs. George Allen's "Library Edition of Ruskin." Besides being London correspondent for one of the older provincial papers, he sub-edited the *Daily Mail*, and subsequently succeeded Mr. W. H. Wilkins as editor and dramatic critic of the *Lady's Realm*. This year he has published with Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson a big volume, which we recently reviewed, entitled "Sailing Ships and their Story"—the outcome of considerable research and many years' actual experience of ships and the sea. The book has met with a remarkable success, both in this country and in America, where it has been published by the Lippincott Company.

One of the most interesting public functions of last month was the opening of Harvard House at Stratford-on-Avon by the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador. The house, a fine old Elizabethan structure, was fully described in the Marie Corelli Number of the *Bookman*; it is in wonderful preservation, and has been restored to its original condition and presented to the Harvard University on the initiative of Miss Marie Corelli. In a delightful little speech Miss Corelli outlined its history, and told of that Catherine Rogers, the mother of John Harvard, who was born in it and married from it. The American Ambassador, in declaring the building open to the public, paid eloquent tribute to the patriotism of Mr. Edward Morris, who had purchased and presented it to the oldest of America's universities, and to the invaluable services of Miss Corelli, whose taste and knowledge of Elizabethan architecture were evidenced in the accuracy with which, under her personal supervision, the restorations had been carried out. The company present at the opening who, with the Ambassador, were afterwards Miss Corelli's guests to luncheon at Mason Croft, included the Bishop of Worcester, Canon Bristow, Canon Toovey, Lady Cheylesmore, Lord Fairfax, Sir Joseph Lawrence, Sir Thomas Dewar, Sir Merton and Lady Russell Cotes, Sir Thomas Lipton, Sir Wroth Lethbridge, Sir Gerard and Lady Muntz, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Lehmann, Madame Navarro (Miss Mary Anderson), Madame Ada Crossley, Mrs. Alec Tweedie, Professor Chawner, Commander E. Simpson, Mr. Robert Donald, editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, the Mayors of Southwark, Cambridge, and Stratford-on-Avon, Colonel Raikes, the Hon. J. L. Griffiths, and many other distinguished persons.

Mr. Arnold Bennett.

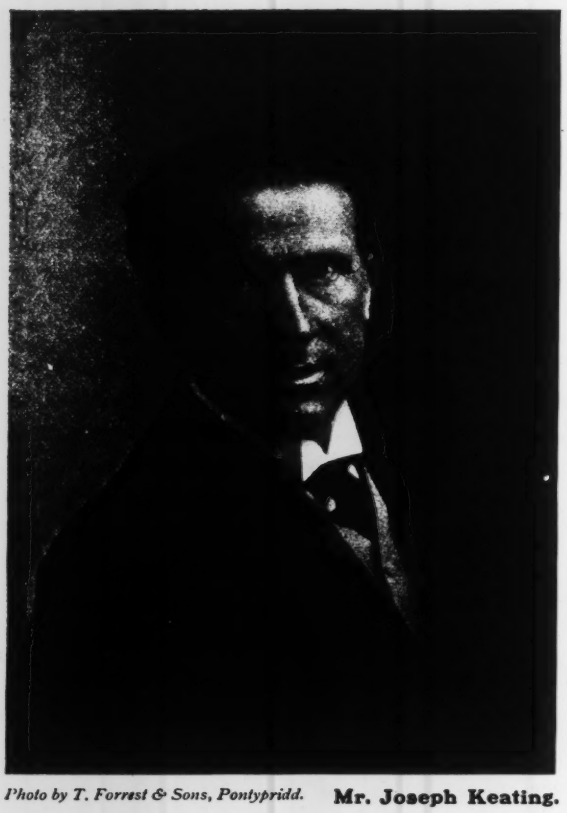

Photo by T. Forrest & Sons, Pontypridd. **Mr. Joseph Keating.**

"The Great Appeal," a new novel by Mr. Joseph Keating that was published by Messrs. Everett & Co. last week, bids fair to create something of a sensation in political circles. The novelist is the brother of Mr. Matthew Keating, M.P. for South Kilkenny; hitherto he has been best known as a writer of vivid, dramatic stories of mining life; but in "The Great Appeal" he makes a new departure and tells a somewhat daringly prophetic story of contemporary politics, his leading characters being prominent politicians and men of letters under very thin disguises.

Mr. Arnold Bennett has two new novels ready for publication—"Helen with the High Hand" and "The Card." The latter is to appear as a serial in the *Times* weekly edition. Both are of a light and humorous nature, entirely different from "The Old Wives' Tale," though both are concerned with the "Five Towns." Mr. Bennett is at work also on a series of three long novels relating the history of a family in the Five Towns, and the first will probably appear in the autumn of 1910. These three will, so far as we can gather, recall to some extent the manner of "The Old

Wives' Tale," but it is useless, of course, to expect from a writer of Mr. Bennett's power and versatility two novels that closely resemble one another. Happily he is not of those who do one thing well, and spend the rest of their days in doing it again and again with little more than a fresh title on the cover.

Paragraphs have been going round lately to the effect that Mr. Bennett has yielded to one of divers publishers who have approached him on the subject, and is turning his play about journalism, "What the Public Wants," into a novel, but we learn that there is no truth in these announcements, and Mr. Bennett has not the smallest intention of doing anything of the sort. In addition to the three novels he has already in hand, he is writing a play that Mr. Herbert Trench has commissioned for the Haymarket Theatre.

Mr. Christopher Stone, whose notable first novel, "Scars," was published by Mr. Heinemann last year, has completed a new work of fiction which deals with a more pleasant subject. It is to appear next spring, and Mr. Stone has already made considerable progress on a third novel. Meanwhile, Messrs. A. & C. Black have just issued his book on "Eton," illustrated by Miss Brinton; and next month he is publishing with Mr. Blackwell, of Oxford, "Lusus"—a book of poems and "poems in prose."

"Full Fathom Five" is the name given to a new anthology of the prose and poetry of the sea that Mr. Lewis Melville has compiled and Messrs. Bell are to publish this autumn. The book contains much copyright matter, and will be dedicated to Mr. Clark Russell.

Cover-design of "Boom."
The new novel by Mr. William Caine. (Greening.)

Mr. Sarath Kumar Ghosh.
Whose novel "The Prince of Destiny" (Rebman) is reviewed on page 104.

Mr. Sarath Kumar Ghosh has prepared a dramatic version of his remarkable romance, "The Prince of Destiny," and the play is to be produced in the United States during the coming winter.

We much regret that by an oversight we failed to mention that the two pictures by Doré in the last number of THE BOOKMAN (the Tennyson Centenary Number) are the property of Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., and are among the plates contained in their Doré Gift Book of Illustrations to Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." In addition to this Gift Book, Messrs. Ward, Lock publish "The Legends of King Arthur," compiled by G. K. Emerson, and, in separate volumes, Tennyson's "King Arthur and Queen Guinevere," "The Story of Merlin and Vivien," "Enid and Geraint," and "The Story of Elaine," each being illustrated with Doré's wonderful drawings.

For permission to reproduce certain of the general illustrations in this number our thanks are due to Mr. John Lane, Messrs. Mills & Boon, Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Hutchinson, Messrs. Greening, and Messrs. Longmans & Co.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, *October* 18, 1909.

EVERY now and then an event takes place which, though it is in no way connected with literature, has a considerable influence on current literary affairs. Such, for example, was the discovery of the North Pole, for it has caused all American publishers to commence to save up against the possibility of buying the books of either Commander Peary or Dr. Cook. Perhaps, by the time this letter is printed, certain publishers will have been decided on in each case. At present, though there are rumours to the effect that Dr. Cook has settled upon Harpers, there is no dependable announcement to make; and, in connection with Commander Peary, I can say with authority that there is now no arrangement.

No matter how one's sympathies may incline in the very unfortunate controversy, one cannot avoid seeing that Commander Peary's determination to shroud himself in privacy till he had settled the question to his satisfaction has been of much money loss to him. It has left Dr. Cook free to skim the pecuniary cream from the milk of popular interest, and, as every one knows, it does not take very long to complete this skimming process in a land so notoriously fickle as this. One fears, therefore, that Commander Peary may go comparatively creamless.

Commander Peary, however, albeit he realises this, still delays, feeling that dignity is more than dollars, a sentiment for which one cannot but honour him.

Not long ago, I happened in the course of a visit to Maine to meet Commander Peary on the little ferry-boat that runs out toward his home, Eagle Island. We discussed this matter then, and Commander Peary said, "Of course, I know I am losing money. But if I had been hunting the Pole for *money*, I'd have stopped ten years ago."

In view of the general supposition that Commander Peary is not wealthy, all this is the indication of an almost pathetic sincerity of purpose.

In England the book-trade, according to the reports which come to us over here, both by way of letters from folk in England, and officially through the *Chicago Dial's* new London correspondent (Mr. C. K. Shorter), is in a very uncertain condition, and books are being published at all sorts and kinds of prices, barring, so far as we have yet heard, "eleven-three," and are selling practically not at all.

In America, things are also upset, though not in so sensational a fashion, and here the condition of things seems to be directly and justly attributable to the booksellers. For various reasons which have been discussed at sufficient length to fill a dozen volumes of the British Museum's catalogues, the American bookseller does not seem to be able to sell books.

This may be the fault of the bookseller; it may be the fault of the books; and it may be the fault of the general conditions under which he works. Obviously if it is the inherent fault of the bookseller, there's no remedy; and it is equally plain that, if the fault lies with the books, it will take more than a season's efforts to cure the difficulty. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the trouble is with the general conditions governing bookselling, since this, of the three possible causes of difficulty, is the only one which can reasonably be reformed.

The Americans who are interested in bookselling are, therefore, taking this view of the situation and are setting themselves to alter the booksellers' lot, with the result that all publishing conditions in the United States are for the moment in a state of considerable confusion.

It seems that as things have been, the retail bookseller has been forced to seek his profit from the marketing of various of the more dignified sorts of fancy goods (such as leather portfolios and pictures), since these things could be handled at a profit impossible in connection with the sale of books. The bookseller's method appeared to be to earn enough by such illegitimate business to justify himself in the luxury of selling books at a loss, or at any rate without profit.

The reality of this absurd state of things is proved by the significant and almost ridiculous fact that the editorial pages of that American trade journal, the *Publishers' Weekly*, are filled week by week with suggestions as to how dealers may make their shops alluring by the judicious display of illustrated postcards, picture puzzles, and such unliterary bait.

Apparently there is least profit for the keepers of bookshops in the sale of the articles which are most difficult to sell—I mean books. With an eye to remedying this disastrous inconsistency, the American Publishers' Association has spent much time of late in solemn discussion of a possible rearrangement of the discount system. One result is that many publishers now stipulate, in accepting books, that they may have the privilege of issuing them at whatever retail price may, at the moment of publication, be in vogue. There is a good deal of talk about publishing fiction at net prices, and at a figure about equal to five shillings ($1.20). If this system becomes general, the public will be paying several cents more for each book than under the old arrangement, while the trade, I understand, will be earning several extra cents. Just how it will work out for the author, eventually, nobody seems to be able to say with any degree of conviction.

One thing is certain, however, that until the $1.20 net arrangement comes into general vogue, and becomes the inevitable price of every novel, the books that are issued at that price are almost sure to stand at a certain disadvantage, in so far as their public appeal is concerned. No ordinary American citizen is going to pay $1.20, when he could get a practically similar article for ten or twelve cents less, and the only possible reason for his so doing would be that the booksellers might thereby be encouraged to discontinue marketing leather goods and to confine their energies to the conduct of the business which is legitimately theirs.

On the other hand, it is true, of course, that the trade will use their best enthusiasm to push such books as

they can sell with the greatest profit. However, the public is after all the tyrant in this, as in other matters, and till the $1.20 net system becomes the general practice, I shall feel a certain sympathy with those authors whose books are chosen for the experiment.

A novel that promises to arouse a considerable sensation is announced by a Boston publisher. It is to be called "A Mission to Hell," and the author is a Congregational minister from Massachusetts, by name Eells.

Colonel Roosevelt (for such is now, according to American etiquette, the fashionable mode of referring to our ex-President) has commenced to publish his articles in *Scribner's Magazine*. These articles and the phenomenal price of one dollar a word which they are to fetch have been the subject of much talk since the announcement was first made months ago of the agreement between the great man and the great publishing house. All sorts of things have been said, but the main impression seems to be that in making the agreement the commercial value of Colonel Roosevelt's material was somewhat exaggerated.

A New York newspaper man spoke to me about the matter last week. "I've not heard," said he, "that *Scribner's* is having a phenomenal sale to correspond with the phenomenal price they paid. Sometimes I wonder if the price was really a dollar a word, or if the announcement was intended to be taken with a pinch of salt, as we take the announcements which the impresario makes as to the five-figure salary he is going to pay to his prima donna." It is only fair to say that this is the first time I have heard of this spiteful suspicion, though many folk appear to doubt whether Colonel Roosevelt's articles are now so valuable as they promised to be when he was still President.

In connection with the announcement Harpers make that they are soon going to publish a new novel by Henry James, I am reminded of a sentence about this author which made me laugh the other day when I ran across it in the columns of a certain New York paper that has the reputation of being rather malicious. The sentence referred, I think, to Mr. James's recently issued collected edition, and was as follows: "Yes, very creditable, but there ought to be a good English translation of his works." GALBRAITH.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS. *November 1 to December 1, 1909.*

Mr. Edward Arnold.

ROUTLEDGE, W. SCORESBY.—With a Pre-Historic People. 18s. net.
WHITE, J. CLAUDE, C.I.E.—Sikhim and Bhutan. 21s. net.
WORCESTER, DEAN OF.—Clerical Opportunities of Social Service. 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

ALLAN, REV. W. A.—Suse o' Busby. 6s.
GREEN, W. J.—A Dictionary of Industrial Diseases and Accidents. 7s. 6d. net.
VANCE, WILSON.—Big John Baldwin. 6s.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

CAINE, W. RALPH HALL.—Isle of Man. 7s. 6d. net.
CRAWLEY, A. E., M.A.—The Idea of the Soul. 3s. 6d. net.
GREIG, JAMES.—Gainsborough. £3 3s. net.
HUMPHRIES, SYDNEY.—Oriental Carpets. £2 2s. net.
WOLF, PROF. A., M.A., D. Litt.—Spinoza's Short Treatise on God, Man and his Well-being. 7s. 6d. net.
Englishwoman's Year Book and Directory, 1910. 2s. 6d. net.
Who's Who, 1910. 10s. net.
Who's Who Year Book, 1910. 1s. net.
The Writers' and Artists' Year-Book, 1910. 1s. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

ACKERMANN, A. S. E. (B.Sc. Eng., A.M.I.C.E.)—Popular Fallacies. New and enlarged Edition. 6s.
HUME, FERGUS.—The Amethyst Cross. 6d.
MARRIOTT-WATSON, F.—The Golden Precipice. 6d.
PEMBERTON, MAX.—The Iron Pirate. 1s. net.
RINEHART, MARY ROBERTS.—The Man in Lower Ten. 6s.
"Work" volume. 4s. 6d.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

BINYON, MRS. LAURENCE (Editor).—The Mind of the Artist: an Anthology. With 8 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net.
BLEI, FRANZ.—The Powder-Puff. 3s. 6d.
CHATFIELD-TAYLOR, H. C.—Fame's Pathway: A Romance of the Life of Molière. Illustrated. 6s.
DUDLEY, AMBROSE (Illustrator).—Everyman: A Morality. 2s. 6d. net.
RICKERT, EDITH (Editor).—Ancient English Christmas Carols, 1400–1700. A volume of the Medieval Library, with 8 Plates. 7s. 6d. net.
TURNER, P. A., and C. H. COLLINS BAKER.—Stories of the French Artists. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

WATT, A. F., M.A.—Shakespeare: Julius Cæsar. 2s.
WATT, A. F., M.A. (with an Introduction by R. R. Rush, M.A., Ph.D.)—Bacon's Essays (for Training Colleges).
WEEKES, A. R., B.A.—Shakespeare: As You Like It. 2s.

Messrs. Digby, Long & Co.

AYDEN, SINCLAIR.—The Old Buccanerat. 6s.
"ALIEN."—A Double Blindness. 6s.
BANCROFT, FRANCIS.—Time and Chance. 6s.
CRAVEN, PRISCILLA.—Love and the Lodger. 6s.
DAVIDSON, LILLIAS CAMPBELL.—False Gold. 6s.
DELANNOY, BURFORD.—A Studio Model. 6s.
DIEHL, ALICE M.—The Secret of Sir George Hartley. 6s.
FLETCHER, J. S.—Adventures of Archer Dawe. 3s. 6d.
MAXWELL, H.—The Three Judges. 6s.
MEADE, L. T.—The Pursuit of Penelope. 6s.
MIDDLEMASS, JEAN.—Mignon's Peril. 6s.
PRYCE, DAISY HUGH.—The Diamond in the Dust. 6s.
SPEIGHT, T. W.—A Brother's Crime. 6s.
THOMSETT, LT.-COL. R. M.—Trip through the Balkans. 6s.
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—The Wolf at the Door. 6s.

Mr. T. N. Foulis.

COCKBURN, LORD.—Memorials of his Time. New Edition. Illustrations in Colour by Raeburn. 6s. net.
CRAWFORD, J. H.—The Wild Flowers. (Illustrated by Edwin Alexander, A.R.W.S., A.R.S.A.) 5s. net.
HADDEN, CUTHBERT.—Master Musicians: Lives of Famous Composers. 3s. 6d. net.
HALL, MRS. S. C.—Tales of Irish Life and Character. 16 Illustrations in colour by Erskine Nicol, R.S.A. 5s. net.
IRVING, WASHINGTON.—The Old English Christmas. (Illustrated by H. M. Brock.) Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; velvet calf, 5s. net.
MANTEGAZZA, SIGNOR.—Legends of Flowers. (Second Series.) Translated from the Italian. 2s. 6d. net.
MITFORD, MISS.—Sketches of English Life and Character. 16 Illustrations in colour by Stanhope A. Forbes. A.R.A. 5s. net.
OMAR KHAYYAM.—Rubaiyat. (Illustrated by M. Greiffenhagen.) Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; velvet calf, 5s. net.
PETRIE, W. M. FLINDERS.—Arts and Crafts of Ancient Egypt. 5s. net.
London Booklets. New miniature series. Illustrated in colour. 6d. net, wrapper; velvet calf, 1s. 6d. net.
Thrale, Mrs. Memories of Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Thrale. Illustrated by Sir Joshua Reynolds. 6s. net.

Gresham Publishing Co.

ANNANDALE, CHAS., M.A., LL.D. (Editor).—The Poetical Works of Robert Burns. Songs with music harmonised by Harry Colin Miller, M.H., Mus.B. Pictures by Claude A. Shepperson. 30s. net. Complete in 4 vols. Cloth.
ROTHERY, G. CADOGAN, and H. O. EDMONDS.—The Modern Laundry: Its Construction, Equipment, and Management, including Dry Cleaning and Dyeing. 37s. 6d. net. Complete in 2 vols.

Messrs. Harper & Bros.

Author of "Martyrdom of an Empress."—Snow Fire. 6s.
BRISCOE, MARGARET SUTTON.—Image of Eve. 6s.
CABELL, JAMES BRANCH.—Chivalry. 7s. 6d. net.
CROOKES, SIR WILLIAM.—Diamonds. 2s. 6d. net.
DELAND, MARGARET.—Where the Labourers are Few. 6s.
DUNCAN, NORMAN.—Going Down from Jerusalem. 6s.
Harper's Handy Book for Girls. 6s.
HOWELLS, W. D.—Seven English Cities. 10s. 6d.
McCOOK, DR H. C.—Ant Communities. 7s. 6d. net.
SERVISS, GARRETT P.—Enigmas of the Sky. 6s. net.
TARKINGTON, BOOTH.—Beasley's Christmas Party. 3s. 6d.
TWAIN, MARK.—Capt. Stormfield's Visit to Heaven. 2s. net.
VINOGRADOFF, PROF. PAUL.—Roman Law in Mediæval Europe. 2s. 6d. net.
WILKINS, MARY E.—The Winning Lady. 5s.

Messrs. Headley Bros.

ALDEN, PERCY, M.P.—Unemployable and Unemployed. New Edition. 1s. and 1s. 6d. net.
ANONYMOUS.—The Wonderful Year 1909. 2s. 6d. net.
ANONYMOUS.—The Patriot. 1s. 6d. net.
HARRIS, HELEN B.—The Basis of Membership in the Society of Friends.
MOUNFIELD, ARTHUR.—Parables of Caleb Cobbleall. 1s. net.
SHARPLESS, ISAAC.—William Penn: Selections from his Writings. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

AGNETTI, MRS. PRICHARD.—Vicenza: The Home of "The Saint." With Preface by Antonio Fogazzaro. 8 Illustrations in colour and over 26 in half-tone. 12s.
BEGBIE, HAROLD.—The Gateway. 6s.
CHURCHILL, RT. HON. WINSTON, M.P.—Liberalism and the Social Problem. 3s. 6d. net.
CONNOR, RALPH.—The Settler. 6s.
DETMOLD, EDWARD J. (Illustrated by).—The Fables of Æsop. Edition de Luxe, £2 2s. net.
DULAC, EDMUND (Illustrated by).—Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Edition de Luxe. £2 2s. net. Popular edition, 15s. net.
HAGGARD, RIDER.—The Lady of Blossholme. 6s.
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THE READER.

MARK LEMON.

By M. H. Spielmann.

THE place of Mark Lemon in literature is not difficult to determine. He was not, in the true sense, a man of letters, and it may readily be believed that were it not for his extraordinary success as an editor, endowed with a natural instinct, with an unfailing *flair* and good discretion, the centenary of his birth (which took place on November 30, 1809) might have been allowed by The Bookman to pass without celebration and without the consecration of a special illustrated article to his memory. He worked at the edge of the literary field, and took on any job that fell in with his love of writing and of humour and demanded little scholarship and less learning. His chief love was for humour and the stage; class journalism became his profession, and good judgment controlled his pen. His style was good enough for his purpose; his dramatic sense sufficient to carry a vast number of pieces of various sorts on to the boards, at a time when the public was less exacting in respect of what has been called "their middle-class entertainment." None of those pieces, so far as I am aware, still holds the stage; none of his novels is still read; few of his children's books are re-published; no collection of ballads, poems, essays, and articles is put forth to remind us of his power, such as it was. The volume by which he is best remembered is "Mark Lemon's Jest-book," containing the wit of all ages, including jokes of his own staff—Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, and others. By 1864 it had run into its seventh edition, and if it is still purchased it is partly because it is treasured by collectors of the work of Charles Keene, who drew the design on the title-page that was engraved on steel by Jeans.

Yet Lemon was a prolific writer, a "numerous" editor, and an important man of affairs in journalistic circles, with a few good enemies and many better friends, who loved "Uncle Mark," as they would call him, for his *bonhomie*, his genial kindness, his undoubted influence, and his hearty laugh. "His laugh," declared to me a distinguished draughtsman who knew him well and loved him little, "was the only good thing about him!" Yet that laugh infected a whole generation and has resounded in the voice of *Punch* for eight-and-sixty years. It is, indeed, as editor of *Punch* that Mark Lemon has gained a measure of immortality, and it is mainly in that capacity that he is spoken of here to-day.

Lemon, whose early years were passed at Cheam, near Epsom, was the son of a hop-grower or hop-merchant, and at his father's death his mother married a brewer named Very. He was without means and was glad to accept his step-father's offer of a clerical position in the brewery, for his verses and stories published in the magazines contributed little to his support. Then the brewery failed, and it would have gone hard with the young humorist had not a jovial tavern-keeper named Romer, who had had business relations with the Very brewery, taken the jolly, light-hearted young fellow to his bosom and placed him as manager of "The Shakespeare Head" in Wych Street.

Mark Lemon.

By permission of the *Illustrated London News*. Kindly lent by Mrs. Alice Martin.

Mark Lemon.
(From a private photograph belonging to Mr. M. H. Spielmann.)
From "The History of *Punch*" by M. H. Spielmann. (Cassell.)

The result was unfortunate for both; Romer had to shut up the tavern, and Lemon found that the fumes of the beer stuck to him more or less through life, and were audibly sniffed at by his enemies at certain critical periods of his career. But he was a man of courage. On the strength of a loan of five pounds he married, and, following his wife's counsels, never lost sight of his literary companions, many of whom would meet, like the literary clubmen of a previous age, in the mis-called "coffee-room" of the little hostelry.

Meanwhile he had begun writing plays and is said to have produced his first farce when he was only sixteen years old. At that time the entrée to play-writing must have been easy enough. In 1835 his "P. L., or No. 30, Strand," was produced at the old Strand Theatre, and thenceforward for twenty years and more he flooded the stage with his productions, not a few of which, no doubt, were based upon French or German originals. Drama and melodrama occupied his pen, and the year of his début saw his "Destiny" and "Arnold of Winkelried," a heavy five-act drama in blank verse, presented on the boards of the Surrey Theatre. At the Adelphi were played "Domestic Economy" and other pieces, and then, in 1841, one of his best remembered plays, "The Gentleman in Black" (followed successively by three others) made a hit at the Olympic. That year, of course, was the crowning-point, unsuspected by him at the time, of his career, for it brought him the editorship of *Punch*. His salary, it is true, was at first only thirty shillings a week; but it was destined to rise to £1,500 a year before the end—the largest editorial salary, it is believed, which up to that time had ever been paid.

Mark Lemon as Falstaff.
By Tenniel.

Mark Lemon and Shirley Brooks.
Portion of a cut which appeared in *Punch's* rival *Fun* (Nov. 1869). Shirley pasted this in his diary and wrote, "Highly civil about us."
From "A Great *Punch* Editor," by G. Somes Layard. (Pitman.)
(By permission of Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

The anxieties and troubles of the new position in no way checked his prolific activity. For Covent Garden he wrote "The Turf" in 1842, and seven years later, returning to the Strand, he produced the still cited but not acted "Hearts are Trumps" and "The Silver Thimble," for Mrs. Stirling and the Keeleys. One of his pieces, he used to relate, was "Punch," for the opening scene of which the management had hired a parrot; and, when the curtain rose on the first night, the profane bird belched forth such a torrent of appalling blasphemy that the success of the play would have been jeopardised had it not been for the sense of humour of a shocked yet tolerant audience. Then he wrote once more for the Adelphi and finally for Drury Lane, where he produced, in 1854, "Paula Lazarro," and in 1856 "Medea"; and then the stage knew him no more. Thus not fewer than sixty pieces were played before London theatre-goers (a record since exceeded by his successor, Sir Francis Burnand), and among them, as we might expect, not a single attempt at genuine comedy or tragedy. They include farces, melodramas, musical plays (among them "Fridolin," with music by his brother-in-law, Frank Romer—the father of Sir Robert Romer, late Lord Justice of Appeal), operettas, and those lighter and more frivolous entertainments now out of fashion, burlettas and extravaganzas. Of the last-named "The Chimes" seems to have been the most successful.

Shirley Brooks.
Second editor of *Punch*.
From a photograph by Lombardi & Co.
From "The History of *Punch*," by M. H. Spielmann. (Cassell.)

From *Punch*, Vol. I., No. 1, July 17, 1841.

From *Punch*, Vol. I., No. 2, July 24, 1841.

From *Punch*, Vol. I., No. 3, July 31, 1841.

From *Punch*, Vol. I., No. 4, August 7, 1841.

THE FIRST FOUR CARTOONS FROM *PUNCH*.

The fourth cartoon was John Leech's first contribution to the paper.
Reproduced by permission of the proprietors of *Punch*.

Mark Lemon's House at Crawley, where he died, May 23, 1870.

During the six years 1863 to 1868 Mark Lemon published half-a-dozen novels, of which only one is remembered by name ("Falkner Lyle" in 1866) and none of them is now read. Nor were they very successful in their own day; they were the effort of his declining years. They were too thin and had not the right stuff in them, and had he had to depend only upon them for his reputation, the memory of Mark Lemon would long since have faded into oblivion. Not even his children's stories, which he began to write in 1850, and which were so pretty and aimless and inconsequent, would have succeeded, probably, had he not chosen his illustrators wisely; and certain elderly people who still treasure "The Enchanted Doll" love it far less for the text than for the dainty, graceful, delightful drawings of Dicky Doyle. His more vigorous writing seems to have been kept for publications such as *Household Words*, *Once a Week*, the *Illuminated Magazine*, and the *Illustrated London News*; but his most serious rôle of all was his editorship. For *Punch*, as has been hinted, did not monopolise his attention; he was the first editor of the *London Journal*, which, it is said, he nearly ruined by trying to keep up a fair standard in its literature; of the *Family Herald*, and, for a time, of *Once a Week*, besides the *Field*, which he took a major part in establishing. And, as if these did not afford sufficient outlet to his energies, he would fill up spare days with lectures upon London and public "readings" from "Hearts are Trumps."

These were his labours; his relaxations included acting. He played with Charles Dickens and his amateur company in "The Lighthouse" and in Wilkie Collins's "Frozen Deep," and acted Falstaff, with his own natural "padding," at the Gallery of Illustration—

By permission of the London Stereoscopic Co.

R. T. Pritchett. Shirley Brooks. Arthur Lewis. Mr. Twiss Sir John Tenniel.
Sir Arthur Sullivan. Ellen Terry. Mark Lemon. Kate Terry. Arthur Cecil Blunt. Henry Silver.
G. du Maurier. Tom Taylor.

For Charles H. Bennett's Benefit.

From "The History of *Punch*," by M. H. Spielmann. (Cassell.)

John Leech.
From a drawing by Sir John Millais in the National Portrait Gallery.

W. M. Thackeray.
From a crayon drawing by E. Goodwyn Lewis, now in the possession of the Kensington Library.

MEN OF MARK LEMON'S CIRCLE.

SOME EARLY *PUNCH* CONTRIBUTORS.

From a photograph by Mayall.

Albert Smith.

Thomas Hood.
From a portrait by an unknown painter in the National Portrait Gallery.

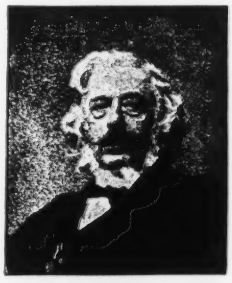
Douglas Jerrold.
From the portrait by Sir Daniel Macree in the National Portrait Gallery.

a performance that is mainly memorable as having afforded Dickens the opportunity he gracefully seized of sending his congratulations to Lemon and so of bridging over the gulf which had so long, and so unnecessarily, separated the two men. But as an actor, Lemon did not shine. In "A Word with Punch"—that special number in which "Punch's" long-suffering victim, Alfred Bunn, at last turned on his tormentors and rent them—the appearance on the stage of Lemon and other members of the *Punch* staff is savagely attacked. "Did you ever see them act, Punch?" he asks. "Did you ever see Douglas Jerrold . . . and Mark Lemon act at Mrs. Kelly's theatre? and if so, did you ever see such an awful exhibition? . . . and

Mark Lemon.
The first editor of *Punch* (1841-70). From an old photograph, kindly lent by Mrs. Alice Martin. This is one of the latest photographs taken of Mark Lemon, and is considered by his family to be the most like him.

Shirley Brooks.
The second editor of *Punch* (1870-74).
By permission of Sir Isaac Pitman & Son and the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*.
From "A Great *Punch* Editor," by G. Somes Layard. (Pitman.)

if, as *they* say, they *did* 'hold the mirror up to Nature,' *I* say it was only to *cast reflections* on her." Then he smites Lemon on other grounds, and to show that his satirical critics were no better poets than himself, proceeds to quote Mark's feeblest verse in "Fridolin" and "The Rhine-boat," adding: "In speaking of the Castle of Heidelberg, which *he* says is on the Rhine although every one else says it is on the Neckar, he thus apostrophises it:



J. Stirling Coyne,
who with Henry Mayhew was for a short time associated with Mark Lemon in the editorship of *Punch*.
From a photograph by Lombard & Co.
From "The History of *Punch*," by M. H. Spielmann. (Cassell.)

> 'Tis here the north wind loves to hold
> His dreary revels, loud and cold,
> The nettle's bloom's his daily fare,
> The TOAD *the guest most welcome there!!*'

Whether the last line gives the reason why Thickhead [*i.e.* Mark Lemon] visited Heidelberg does not appear."

Henry Mayhew,
who was largely responsible for the starting of *Punch*, and was for a short time associated with Mark Lemon in the editorship.
From a photograph by Bedford, Lemere & Co., Strand, W.C.
From "The History of *Punch*," by M. H. Spielmann. (Cassell.)

It will be readily agreed, I think, that Mark Lemon's real achievement was his direction of *Punch*. "*Punch* and I," he would say, "were made for each other"—modestly omitting to claim that the making of the paper was in considerable measure his own.

When Ebenezer Landells, the engraver on wood, determined on issuing in London a comic and satirical journal corresponding to the Paris *Charivari* and obtained the adhesion of the printer Joseph Last, the latter recommended him to seek out the support of Henry Mayhew, a genius of journalistic imagination, and a brilliant humorist who might be depended on to form a thoroughly capable staff from among his own friends and acquaintances. Mark Lemon was one of those he first enlisted, and when the paper was launched, Mayhew, Lemon, and Stirling Coyne (whom, on account of his carelessness and indifference as to his personal appearance, Douglas Jerrold used to dub "Filthy Lucre") were the three co-editors. Then followed the infantile convulsions of the newly-born paper, and when Bradbury & Evans were called in to save its life in 1842, Lemon was installed as sole editor with Mayhew as suggestor-in-chief—Coyne having retired. Mayhew always felt that Lemon had dispossessed him disloyally of his birthright, for it was he and not Lemon who had imparted to the paper its distinctive character, and it was his ideas that had secured public approval of its healthy tone and original humour—his the conception which had brought a force hitherto unthought of into the world of satirical and

From a photograph by J. & C. Watkins. **Tom Taylor.**
Third editor of *Punch* (1874-80).

humorous, yet seriously-intentioned, journalism—his the idea that a comic journal might be a journal of responsibility. Lemon, however, seeming to ignore any such suggestion and radiant with expansive jollity, took Mayhew and the rest of "the boys" to his bosom; and he made everything quite pleasant and cheered everybody up as, with his happy, infectious laugh and his rollicking chuckle, he fixed himself firmly in the saddle from which he was only torn by death on May 23, 1870—scarce two short weeks before his immortal friend Charles Dickens (who had testified to reconcilement by a handshake over Clarkson Stanfield's grave) followed him to eternal rest.

Under the mask of geniality—or perhaps it should be said, aided by his natural good humour—Mark Lemon controlled with a firm and skilful hand the fortunes of a paper which under his leadership became a force in national politics to an extent hardly credible to the latter-day reader. Under him *Punch* aimed at leading public opinion, not at the illustrating or criticising of the national feeling already formed, which later on became its major rôle; and the independent pens of Jerrold, Thackeray, Shirley Brooks, and the others, and the pencils of Leech, Newman, Doyle, and Tenniel, were stuck more fiercely into the body politic of the Government of the day than in these usually more refined times of party courtesy and party amenities there is held to be any need for. It was Lemon's hand, though mainly at Mayhew's dictation, that had indited the original prospectus of *Punch*—when the intention was to call it *The Funny Dog*—but it was Lemon's rule that gave it its direction, albeit the policy was in great measure imposed by Jerrold just as its cast of fun was imagined by Mayhew. Strong as were his henchmen and powerful their personalities, Lemon had the wonderful gift of managing men with kindness, once in a while letting them feel the grip of the firm hand just to gain their respect or to win a point. He might not be the most brilliant or the most masterful at the Wednesday Dinner, but as he presided at the Table he made all feel that the business of the meeting was in his hands. He would write sparingly for *Punch's* pages, for the most part confining himself to editing those few outside contributions that were accepted, rejecting the vast majority—as when he declined young George Augustus Sala's sketches and Dickens's unique offering on the metropolitan water-supply, entitled "Dreadful Hardships endured by the Shipwrecked Crew of the *London*." "Here I sit," he said to Mr. E. J. Ellis, while rejecting him with a charm of manner which made the delighted young artist feel that he was being placed under an enormous debt of gratitude and obligation to the chief—"the kindest and most lovable elderly boy," he said, "I had ever seen"—"here I sit like a great ogre, eating up other people's little hopes. But what am I to do?

Photo by Russell & Son. **Mr. Owen Seaman.**
The present editor of *Punch*.

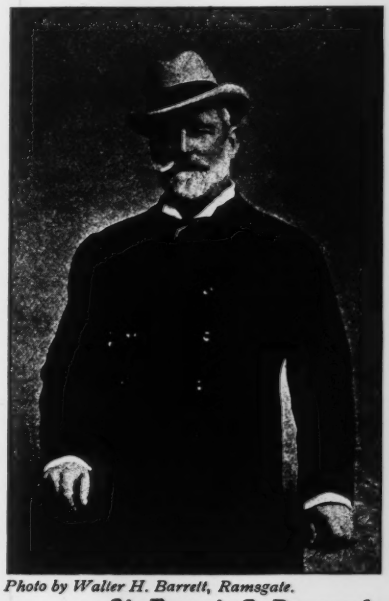


Photo by Walter H. Barrett, Ramsgate.
Sir Francis C. Burnand.
Fourth editor of *Punch* (1880-1906).

Look here"—and he showed him the waste-paper basket full of imbecility, graphic and literary, that the morning post had brought. His own "Songs for the Sentimental" with their bathetic last line at the end of each stanza, his pointed paragraphs, his mild jokes, his cleverish epigrams, and the like, comprised the major part of his literary performances. But he was a genius in suggesting the subjects for the cartoons. In the early years of *Punch*, from 1845 to 1847—that is to say, while it was conquering its high position not only as "the premier comic," but as a real political power—Lemon proposed thirty-five subjects, Henry Mayhew twenty, his brother Horace fifteen, Jerrold sixteen, Thackeray four, and the rest a smaller number still. But later on, when Leech asserted his fullest powers, the other members of the staff became rather critics than prime suggestors, and devoted their energies to knocking the proposals into effective shape.

Mark Lemon.

From an old photograph, kindly lent by Mrs. Alice Martin.

And so Mark Lemon laboured on, his amiability, his energy, his good humour, and his girth increasing as the circulation of the paper increased; almost infallible in his judgment, wise in his administration and organisation, firm in his determination to keep the paper clean, honest, and fearless—(not that any one of the staff would have had it otherwise)—level-headed at times of crisis, and courageous in the defence of the prerogatives, the rights, and privileges of the editorial chair when he thought the actions of the proprietors were making a covert attack upon them—wherein he was whole-heartedly supported by the staff, who, in their turn, were wont at times to jib a bit, or, in summer-time, to shirk their work. But whatever happened "Uncle Mark" would literally "come up smiling," laughing down incipient revolt, and ignoring the occasional derogatory sneer of any one of them who felt his own intellectual superiority to that of the man whose fat caressing palm soothingly pressed him back into his place in the team. Lemon's patience was inexhaustible; he knew exactly how to humour whoever needed to be humoured—and it was exactly for this knack of diplomatic handling, which many a bigger man has lacked, that he commanded the respect and support of his colleagues and of his proprietary chiefs. They liked his editorial dignity, his moral balance, his nice judgment—whereby he kept *Punch* practically free from actions for libel, although every number might contain (at a time when criticism was far more free and outspoken than it is to-day) a score of pointed onslaughts; they appreciated his unsleeping watchfulness and clear-eyed discrimination alike as to staff-discussion and the published word. His strategy was good, his tactics better, and he was recognised as a consummate editor who never slipped and rarely blundered during all the nine-and-twenty years that he grasped the helm. No wonder that when Mr. Gladstone awarded Mark Lemon's widow a pension of one hundred pounds from the Civil List, he took occasion to declare that Mark Lemon had "raised the level of comic journalism to its present standard," and that Shirley Brooks, speaking for the staff in the pages of *Punch*, bore "the fullest and most willing testimony that the high and noble spirit of Mark Lemon ever prompted generous championship, ever made unworthy onslaught or irreverent jest impossible to the pens of those who were honoured by being coadjutors with him." That was the fittest tribute from the man whose pen Lemon had long years before declared to be "the gracefullest in London."

Mark Lemon's Grave at Ifield, Crawley, Sussex.

Horace Mayhew. W. Newman. Richard Doyle. John Leech. Mark Lemon. W. M. Thackeray.
Percival Leigh. Gilbert A'Beckett. Tom Taylor. Douglas Jerrold.

MR. PUNCH'S FANCY BALL.

Mr. Cobden. Sir Robt. Peel. Sir Jas. Graham. Hudson, the Railway King. Lord Lyndhurst.
Mrs. Gamp *(Morning Herald)*. Mr. O'Connell. Lord Geo. Bentinck.
Disraeli.
Prince Consort. Col. Sibthorpe. Sir Fredk. Trench. Emperor of Russia.
Lord John Russell. Queen Victoria. Louis Philippe. Ibrahim Pasha. King of Naples.
Tom Thumb. Mr. Punch. Mrs. Harris *(The Standard)*. Lord Brougham. Duke of Wellington.

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A PAGE FROM "PUNCH."

(VOL. I. No. 4. AUGUST 7, 1841.)

LITERARY RECIPES.

HOW TO COOK UP A FASHIONABLE NOVEL.

Take a consummate puppy—M.P.'s preferable (as they are generally the softest, and don't require much pressing) —baste with self-conceit—stuff with slang—season with maudlin sentiment—hash up with a popular publisher—simmer down with preparatory advertisements. Add six reams of gilt-edged paper—grate in a thousand quills—garnish with marble covers, and morocco backs and corners. Stir up with magazine puffs—skim off sufficient for preface. Shred scraps of French and small-talk very fine. Add "superfine coats"—"satin stocks"—"bouquets"—"opera-boxes"—"a duel"—an elopement—St. George's Church—silver bride favours—eight footmen—four postilions—the like number of horses—a "dredger" of smiles—some filtered tears—half-mourning for a dead uncle (the better if he has a twitch in his nose), and serve with anything that will bear "*frittering.*"

WILL BE OUT SHORTLY.

A SENTIMENTAL DITTO.

(*By the same Author.*)

Take a young lady—dress her in blue ribbons—sprinkle with innocence, spring flowers, and primroses. Procure a Baronet (a Lord if in season); if not, a depraved "younger son"—trim him with écarté, rouge et noir, Epsom, Derby, and a slice of Crockford's. Work up with rustic cottage, an aged father, blind mother, and little brothers and sisters in brown holland pinafores. Introduce mock abduction—strong dose of virtue and repentance. Serve up with village church—happy parent—delighted daughter—reformed rake—blissful brothers—syren sisters—and perfect *dénouement.*

LOCKE ON THE HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

N.B.—Season with perspective christening and postponed epitaph.

A STARTLING ROMANCE.

Take a small boy, charity, factory, carpenter's apprentice, or otherwise, as occasion may serve—stew him well down in vice—garnish largely with oaths and flash songs—boil him in a cauldron of crime and improbabilities. Season equally with good and bad qualities—infuse petty larceny, affection, benevolence and burglary, honour and housebreaking, amiability and arson—boil all gently. Stew down a mad mother—a gang of robbers—several pistols—a bloody knife. Serve up with a couple of murders—and season with a hanging-match.

N.B.—Alter the ingredients to a beadle and a workhouse—the scenes may be the same, but the whole flavour of vice will be lost, and the boy will turn out a perfect pattern.—Strongly recommended for weak stomachs.

SECURING A FRIEND, IN THE PRESS.

AN HISTORICAL DITTO.

Take a young man six feet high—mix up with a horse—draw a squire from his father's estate (the broad-shouldered and loquacious are the best sort)—prepare both for potting (that is, exporting). When abroad, introduce a well-pounded Saracen—a foreign princess—stew down a couple of dwarfs and a conquered giant—fill two sauce-tureens with a prodigious ransom. Garnish with garlands and dead Turks. Serve up with a royal marriage and cloth of gold.

THE DISOWNED.

A NARRATIVE.

Take a distant village—follow with high-road—introduce and boil down pedlar, gut his pack, and cut his throat—hang him up by the heels—when done enough, let his brother cut him down—get both into a stew—pepper the real murderer—grill the innocent for a short time—then take them off, and put delinquents in their place (these can scarcely be broiled too much, and a strong fire is particularly recommended). When real perpetrators are *done,* all is complete.

If the parties have been poor, serve up with mint sauce, and the name of the enriched sufferer.

BIOGRAPHY OF KINGS.

Lay in a large stock of "gammon" and pennyroyal—carefully strip and pare all the tainted parts away, when this can be done without destroying the whole—wrap it up in printed paper, containing all possible virtues—baste with flattery, stuff with adulation, garnish with fictitious attributes, and a strong infusion of sycophancy.

Serve up to prepared courtiers, who have been previously well seasoned with long-received pensions or sinecures.

"Is this a libery?"
"Yes."
"Then let me have the last number of Hemily Fitz-Hosborn."

From *Punch,* 1842.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1909.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

NOTE.—*We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to* |*Competitors resident* |*abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions* 1, 3, *and* 4 (*the subjects of these being the same each month*) *will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.*

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best Christmas greeting in four lines of verse.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

V.—This month we offer an additional prize of a handsome and beautifully illustrated Christmas book for the best list of the twelve most humorous short stories, or the twelve most humorous single chapters from any books in the English language.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss CONSTANCE URSULA KERR, Manse, Dirleton R.S.O., East Lothian, for the following:

THE PRODIGAL FATHER. By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

"We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him next morning a couple of red
Herrings with soda water.

"Loudly they talked of the money that's gone,
And his lady began to upbraid him;
But little he recked, so they let him snore on
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.
R. H. BARHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends.*

Other quotations received are:

AFOOT IN ENGLAND. By W. H. HUDSON.

"Travel-sore and weak,
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?"
C. G. ROSSETTI, *Uphill.*

(Mollie Kennedy, D'Anvers House, Banbury, Oxon.)

LOVE, THE THIEF. By HELEN MATHERS.

"When he kissed me and bade me adieu with a sigh,
By the light of the sweetest of moons,
Oh! how little I dreamt I was bidding good-bye
To my missis's teapot and spoons."
HOOD, *Lines to Mary* (*Old Bailey Ballads*).

(Richard O'Neill, Anglesea House, Ipswich; Mrs. J. A. Thomas, Cheriton, Knighton Drive, Leicester; and Miss Jessie Gresham, 2, Dean Avenue, Newton Heath, Manchester.)

AN ESSAY IN RECONSTRUCTION. By JOHN AYSCOUGH.

"Humpty Dumpty sa t on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's men,
Could not put Humpty Dumpty together again."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Miss E. M. Gray, 4, Bulstrode Street, W.)

HAPPINESS. By MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON.

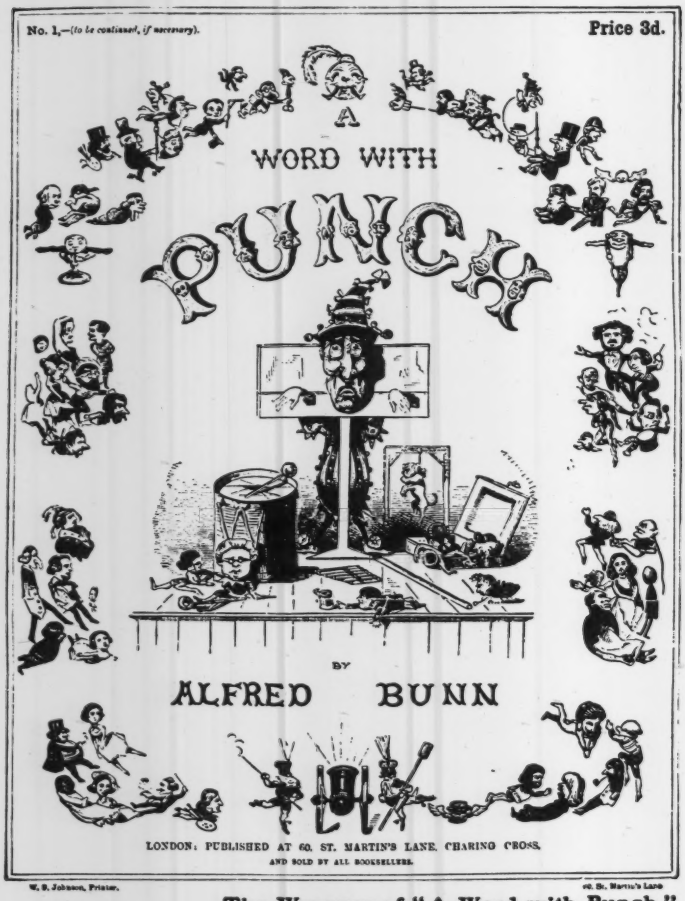
"A feather bed had every man,
Warm slippers and hot-water can,
Brown Windsor from the captain's store,
A valet, too, to every four."
W. S. GILBERT, *Captain Reece.*

(Evelyn M. Abbott, The Croft, Old Malton, Yorkshire.)

II.—As this PRIZE, for the earliest passage from English Literature forecasting aviation, has to be divided between three competitors, we are sending Two NEW NOVELS to each of them, viz.: PHYLLIS J. LITHANER, of 3, St. James's Mansions, West Hampstead, N.W.; HENRY M. RILEY, 79, Mere Road, Leicester; and A. CECIL PIPER, 145, Queen's Park Road, Brighton, each having sent in the following from Roger Bacon (1214—1294):

"I will speak only of things performed by art and Nature, wherein shall be nothing magical, and first, by the figuration of art, there may be made instruments of navigation without men to rowe in them as great ships to brooke the sea, only with one man to steere them and they shall sayle far more swiftly than if they were full of men; also chariots that shall move with an unspeakable force, without any living creature to steere them. Likewise an instrument may be made to fly withall, if one sit in the midst of the instrument and doe turn an engine, by which the wings, being artificially composed, may beat the ayre after manner of a flying bird."

Many other appropriate quotations from Dr. Johnson, Cowley, Erasmus Darwin, Bishop Wilkins, Lord Lytton, Francis Bacon, Shakespeare, Tennyson, etc., have been submitted (the same passages from Erasmus Darwin, Johnson, and Tennyson being in special favour) by Miss V. Darwin Huish (Derby), Miss Macadam (St. Andrews, N.B.), Stella Speck (Bedford), J. Lloyd



The Wrapper of "A Word with Punch."
(Designed by George Augustus Sala.)
The little figures represent men and women of the time; lying on the stage are members of the *Punch* staff—Thackeray, Horace Mayhew, Jerrold, and others.
From "The History of *Punch*," by M. H. Spielmann. (Cassell.)

Jones (Barry, S. Wales), L. B. Wood (Bowdon, Cheshire), Miss S. A. Hony (Pewsey, Wilts), Elsie Rippon (Hull), Mrs. Chas. Wright (Sutton), Miss G. Mitchell (Linton), Kate Capper (Saffron Walden), Rev. H. Cotton Smith (Grantham), Annie Halten (Oswestry), Agnes Robertson (Camberwell, S.E.), Mrs. J. E. Crawshaw (Blackburn), Miss Bennett (New Barnet), Elizabeth J. Lawrence (Lonmay), C. A. Bayley (Bangor), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), A. F. Tayler (Matlock), Margaret A. M. Macalister (Cambridge), Mrs. Leslie (Eddleston N.B.), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton, Yorks), and others.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to M. WINDEATT ROBERTS, of Chudleigh House, Bideford, for the following:

THE BIRTH OF MODERN ITALY. By JESSIE WHITE MARIO. (Unwin.)

The Italian *Risorgimento* inspired many writers, and notably women, to their best work, infecting them doubtless with the high idealism which actuated the patriots. Among the most fervent disciples of Mazzini was Signora Mario, whose posthumous papers, edited by Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese, are practically a biography of her hero. She throws fresh light on his doings in England, and incidentally proves us innocent of the actual betrayal of the Bandiera brothers to Austria. Her book, coloured by republican prejudice against Cavour, is a mine for future historians, but, in leaving the final unification untold, hardly warrants the title given it.

From among the large number of other reviews submitted we select for printing:

MARS AS THE ABODE OF LIFE. By PROFESSOR LOWELL. (Macmillan.)

Seldom is a book dealing with the result of scientific research read with the breathless interest with which all intelligent readers must scan these pages. As a forecast of the future of our race on earth, we have a sketch of the present condition of the Martians, engaged in a struggle for life on the waterless Martian deserts. Professor Lowell finds proof of the Martians' existence in their visible achievements—the huge canals fed by Polar snows, and the contrived oases. In this book we find a vision of romance which is solidly built upon hard scientific fact.

(Agnes M. Tannahill, 11, Highburgh Terrace, Glasgow West.)

CECILIA KIRKHAM'S SON. By MRS. KENNETH COMBE. (Blackwood.)

It is difficult to know which to admire most—Cecilia Kirkham or Cecilia Kirkham's son—the one who gives up all she has, even her life's blood, for love—or the other who gives up his ambitions and his life's career in pity and remorse. Helen, with her woman's sympathy, courage and love; General Estcourt, with his harmless flirtations; the deep-laid yet novel plots of the Indians for their revenge; all give a splendid background for the treatment of this grand theme—a mother's love for her son and a son's care for his mother."

(Miss Irene Lalonde, 12, Landemann Terrace, Weston-super-Mare.)

We select for special commendation the reviews received from W. B. Ridsdale (Gloucester), Miss Florence Graham Stirling (Comrie),

"'Number Nip! Number Nip! come and take this naughty child!' That moment the spirit appeared in his collier's dress."
From "Legends of Number Nip," by Mark Lemon, illustrated by Charles Keene.
(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan.)

P. E. Deggan (Gloucester), Miss Parry D. Reden (Walsingham), E. A. G. Kerr (Edinburgh), Joan Mainwaring (Brockley, S.E.), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row, Durham), Mrs. Graham Stirling (Glenfarg), Miss M. I. Shaw Stewart (Bournemouth), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), A. S. Hickey (Dukinfield), J. D. Davies (Chelsea, S.W.), Constance Ursula Kerr (Dirleton), Florence Edith Karn (Gloucester), Mattie K. A. Nesbitt (Upper Norwood, S.E.), Miss E. O. Browne (Worcester), Vivien Ford (Clifton), John Hood (Ayr), W. G. Hanson (West Bromwich), Mrs. Alice M. Sykes (Huddersfield), Rev. H. Cotton Smith (Grantham), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Arthur E. Price (Cardiff), Mildred Hammond (Buxton), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), Elsie Rippon (Hull), Miss D. M. Ford (Gloucester), David Scott (St. Andrews), Rev. G. M. V. Hickey (Dukinfield), and L. B. Wood (Bowdon).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to M. F. LUSTY, Clayton Hospital. Wakefield.

THE STORY OF ANN VERONICA.

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

OUGHT Mr. Wells to have written this book? * I throw out the question for debate in those literary clubs which are tired of discussing Ibsen and Tolstoy. It may be argued from three points of view, as the artist, the ethical teacher, the searcher into life takes it up; nevertheless, one is the judge and one alone, whom I will term the conscience. A fine piece of workmanship does not justify its title to exist if it is immoral; and many aspects of life ought never to be shown before the public. Would a censor of fiction have allowed "Ann Veronica" to appear? That note of interrogation sounded loud as I went over these chapters in which Mr. Wells has given to his miscellaneous audience a story of Free Love. For my part, I cannot be satisfied that the picture should have been held up where all the world may inspect it; but why do I say picture? Call the thing a sermon on the wrong side, a text in which the lawless young woman supplies the incident while her man of letters drives home the philosophy. Light reading, indeed! No, but a passionate justification of instinct run wild. These be thy Hot Gospellers, O England, who would lead thee out of the house of bondage—into the wilderness of Sin, and leave thee there.

Miss Ann Veronica Stanley was (or shall we say is?) a scatter-brained girl, brought up in the common English way, who dabbles in biology yet remains as ignorant as before of its meaning. Her creator, Mr. Wells, would probably have invented a type more consistent if he were writing in French; but the circulating library is at this hour distracted by a struggle between old conventions and new daring, so that a story-teller even of audacious purpose cannot do the thing he would. However, it shall be granted that the amateur students at Tredgold College who dissected and anatomised were absurdly Victorian still, in spite of their demonstrations. Miss Veronica runs away from home to enlarge her experience, though really in search of a husband, after refusing one æsthetic Simple Simon whose name was Teddie Widgett, and one solemn but devoted verse-maker, clearly Gilbertian in phrase and style, the heavy Mr. Manning. Her father has never done anything which he ought to have left undone; but a sister has married into the theatre, a brother is eccentric, an aunt is exasperatingly commonplace, and the girl finds life at home intolerable. She elopes to London, tries to find work, cannot get any—which is not wonderful, as she had never been trained, unless to the carmine-staining of specimens—and is brought up in front of the usual dilemma, starve or sin. How it was that Ann Veronica did not foresee all this, taught in scores of novels and visible around her in other young persons, we fail to be informed. She must keep on being an *ingénue* else the story would fall to pieces. But, of course, Mr. Wells draws or rather sketches vigorously, flings out many bright thoughts *en passant*, and displays once more his aptitude (let us baptise it in this way) for the Higher Journalism, a gift which he shares with Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Belloc, and other brilliant improvisers who write while they run. He is all alive—a fluttering evanescent life—here to-day and gone to-morrow, being fed on the current delusions known as modern ideas.

Failing in the labour market, Ann Veronica must capture a mate who will support her, and the book resolves itself into an equation of four terms. Shall she accept Manning, who always proposes marriage? Or take the ignominious terms thrust on her in a violent ugly scene by the libertine Ramage? Or compel the not much less of a libertine, Capes, already burdened with a wife, to quit his honourable station and run off with her to Switzerland? One feels embarrassed in reporting a plot so little relieved from the grosser elements, well known in French novels and there sometimes heightened by graces of composition; but I am bound to rehearse what the author has chosen to set down. Observe a fresh feature in our home romances at least more strongly marked than hitherto. Ann Veronica is a kind of hesitating George Sand, but quite ready to follow her instinct as soon as it declares itself powerfully enough. She conquers the vague and feeble Capes.

* "Ann Veronica." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

who just obeys her, muttering all the while that he knows they are degraded and that the law is right. Now here the story should end; it is vile and base, but logical on the anarchist principles which, to my profound regret, Mr. Wells glorifies by the lips of his heroine and Woman who Did. But he tags on a wholly useless epilogue. By some unexplained means, by death or divorce, the knot of the previous marriage is untied. The anarchists go through legal forms; the father relents; the curtain falls on a united family party; Ann Veronica is Mrs. Capes. That such things might happen is conceivable; but when they happen, the story commits suicide. Free Love would then be no more than a passing fit of hysteria and school-girl tantrums; all the fine talk of Ann Veronica melts into air, and her elopement signifies nothing. Its interest was—mark it well, too careless reader—the defiance of law in obedience to an impulse seemingly more divine. That question is one of Satan's master-problems, fitted to be the seed-plot of tragedy. Are we to think of Mr. Wells as a hesitating anarchist, or as wedded to Free Love, but keeping a business eye on the possibilities of circulation? Be that as it may, the force, the impetus of his pleading drives towards social wreckage. I know how the stupidity which misnames fiction as light reading will scorn a critic in whose judgment the novel appears to be, like the newspaper, a most effective medium of scattering false ideas. But what is that to me? Mr. Wells is one of the few to whom thousands listen. He has a great responsibility and may do infinite good or harm. I think "Ann Veronica" imperfect as a work of art, though picturesque and exciting, persuasive against the great human law which bridles passion, and therefore dangerous to every woman into whose hands it is likely to fall. And I wish Mr. Wells had not written it.

New Books.

SINNERS BOTH.*

Two new works have just passed through my hand, biographical studies of the two famous English writers most fondly cherished by the British Public, quite apart from their intrinsic merits, for the precious scandal connected with their lives and writings. Professor Cross of Yale has just given us the first complete, careful, and accurate biography of Sterne. With immense labour he has perhaps exhausted the search for original authorities, sifting out numerous forgeries, interpolations, and perversions, and has brought together a great mass of new details, much of them valuable, but most trivial and uninteresting. Such grave trifling as the twenty-five pages wasted on the "Watch-coat," a very ordinary little pasquinade, only ends by presenting Sterne in an atmosphere of infinite littleness. Professor Cross traces very usefully the sources and working out of Sterne's best ideas and creations. Naturally he overdoes it. The fault of most modern critics, as of writers on myth like Max Muller, is that they undervalue the average human powers of imagination, invention, and mendacity. Of course Dr. Slop was a spiteful caricature of John Burton. But the Shandies and Toby and Trim and Bramble and Honour and Becky Sharp and Gamp and Pecksniff are more living and lifelike than the puppets in a penny novelette, not because they were drawn from models, but because their creators had more fertile brains and more dexterous pencils. Sterne was a hungry, touting, literary and social adventurer, no better than his fellows of to-day; "Tristram Shandy" owed much to luck and timeliness. All the same, it is a great literary monument—one of the world-books. Not only did it work a revolution whose influence, for good and bad, is not yet exhausted, but in itself it was a superb achievement of impudent genius. If only Sterne had written it more carefully, more conscientiously, and suppressed his trumpery "Sermons" and his nauseous "Journey," we might have worshipped him as an author, and tried to forget what he was as a man.

And this Professor Cross tells us all too plainly, though naturally in his zeal for his hero he tries to put the best colour on the ugly facts, which, I own, he never suppresses or consciously misrepresents. And how repulsive it all is! Take first Sterne's literary conscience. Mere Grub Street morality. A crafty huckster, without reverence for great literature, in short a literary adventurer, he wrote with the one object of buying at the least cost of trouble the greatest amount of luxury and pleasure—just to indulge his vanity and vices. Again and again we see him, exhausted in purse and health by a London season of flashy dissipation, rolling home to his parsonage "in his own carriage," to huddle together in feverish haste whatever he could purloin, or invent to tickle the public—the seasoning of indecency was surely a deliberate bait—and then hurrying back to town to tout and peddle his wares, and wallow again in the mire. Even his revelation, his new evangel—simple humanity portrayed with loving feeling and lit up with lambent humour—was but a happy thought, an artful experiment, adopted when in the fifth volume he had exhausted his Rabelais and Browne and himself. Just as later on, to make a fresh sensation, he degraded natural feeling to mawkish sentiment.

And a social adventurer too. Here Professor Cross, very pardonably, is misled by unfamiliarity with the vagaries of English society then and now. He thinks that Sterne floated gaily on the cream of Yorkshire social cream, and that Hall-Stevenson (Sterne's Eugenius) was a very magnificent personage—that ridiculous, low profligate and obscene scribbler! The fact is that Sterne's congenial associates through life were Eugenius and his "Crazy Hall" gang, with their London allies. He may have dined with some grander neighbours—but the libertine chaplain was then a favourite ornament of the festive board. He goes to London and we are told Society is enraptured with him. Yes, but only for the hour. "Tristram" happened to become the rage, and the author was lionised—that is all. His social success is here based chiefly on his own boasting letters home, and Sterne was a sad liar. No doubt Leo was invited everywhere—one duke even gave him a silver ink-pot—but it is admitted ominously that next season his fine friends had dropped off and he had to tout for fresh ones—and so again the next. Two good judges pronounced him a bore, as we should probably find him to-day, and the compliments of others, here paraded, seem complacencies inspired more by his works than person. My memory is rusty, but I recall no contemporary praises of his character or bearing that carry weight. A social parasite—hardly more.

* "Life and Times of Laurence Sterne." By Wilbur L. Cross. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)—"Byron—The Last Phase." By Richard Edgcumbe. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

As a boy I read the "Sentimental Journey" with a vague shame-faced shrinking as at some prodigious obscenity, some mysterious, veiled uncleanness—the brutalities of Pickle seemed but honest fun—and seeing through the fine sentiment, as most boys can. Ever since, the man Sterne has been to me intensely repulsive, so in treating his character I might go too far, and too long. Pick out from Professor Cross all the facts, and test them by the most indulgent moral standard—the real Sterne will emerge, a portent and a warning. We must despise—ought we to pity? Hardly. His one aim was "a short life and a merry one," and he achieved it. Excuse him? Whom may we not excuse? Sterne came of bad blood on both sides. He was born with brilliant genius, high spirits, the facile good-nature of the spendthrift, with a thirst for sensual pleasures, but without principle. He never came under a moral influence strong enough to raise and purify him. Above all he was diseased, body and mind—the typical consumptive—founder of the *Poitrinaire* School of Sentiment. Sterne and his Maria, and Grisette, and Miss Fourmantelle "of the York concerts," and his Eliza—the whole thing is tuberculous. But to excuse is to accuse.

Turn we to a different reprobate hero and a different book. But "Byron—The Last Phase" is really two totally distinct works. Of the first—the Last Phase, a valuable account of Byron's expedition to help the Greeks—little can here be said. Most of us have carelessly supposed that he went forth under an impulse of vanity and sentimental gush for "oppressed nationalities." Mr. Edgcumbe undeceives us. Byron had no delusions; he knew the Greeks only too well. He was looking round for some way of using his matured powers for good, and set out just on the chance of being of use. If he achieved little before he was cut off, it was simply because he was a prudent statesman instead of a rash adventurer. Had he lived to accept the Greek crown, he might have made some fine history. Mr. Edgcumbe should be read; he has proved his point. For myself, with shame for past ignorance and injustice, I own that the purity of Byron's motives, his unselfish devotion, and noble sacrifice efface all youthful errors, and that in him England had thrown away a patriot and statesman of rare courage, prudence, and political sagacity.

The other half of the book is a retort to the late Lord Lovelace's "Astarte." Mrs. Stowe's revelations I utterly rejected at the time as evidently founded on stupid misunderstandings, in spite of my then violent prejudice against Byron. So when his grandson—and such a grandson—sought to purge his grandmother from the *venial* charge of credulity and harshness, by bolstering up the *damning* charge against his grandfather, I chose not to read. But Mr. Edgcumbe did it for us, with stern and watchful eye. Astarte must be a mad, bad book, though I confess some quotations read rather well. The author, with Lady Byron's jealously guarded papers all before him, professed to have found full proofs of Byron's guilt, but produced none of any value. He rested his case mainly on certain letters of Mrs. Leigh to Lady Byron (in 1816) making full confession, yet audaciously said: "It is unnecessary to produce these letters here, as their contents are confirmed and made sufficiently clear by the correspondence of 1819, given in another chapter." Which confirmed *nothing*! This is but a specimen of his juggling with documents, which Mr. Edgcumbe has so severely castigated. Astarte offers only insinuations—so no more of it.

Mr. Edgcumbe is an excellent destructive, but his constructive methods are sometimes disappointing. He too has a disclosure to make, "reveals an incident which during Byron's lifetime was known only by those who were pledged to silence." But he "regrets being unable more precisely to indicate the source of the information"! Moreover, for no earthly reason that I can see he somehow shrinks from putting the Incident in plain words, but argues round it, and leaves it to be inferred from a clause here and there. And instead of discussing and explaining away the obvious practical difficulties of the Incident, he coolly ignores them, and like Lord Lovelace falls back on quotations from Byron's poems, equally blind to allusions which tell the other way. No doubt he has the best of the argument, but it is a perilous one at best. Ingenuity might thus convict even the immaculate Wordsworth of the blackest crimes. Mr. Edgcumbe must have been strictly tongue-tied to have bungled his disclosure so badly.

We knew that at sixteen Byron fell in love with Mary Chaworth, who then married Squire Musters, had children, separated (spring of 1813), went mad (1816), recovered, went back to husband (1817), died (1832). Now for the Disclosure, which the Discloser has done his best to discredit by bungling reticence. He begins by proving from the poems and letters that Byron loved Mary all his life (or, as I should say, thought he did whenever he was in low spirits). He then says the fact was suppressed that Byron met her again during the summer of 1813, and seduced her. (It seems they were country neighbours—where?—and that the liaison lasted months, but Mr. Edgcumbe is all elusive mist.) Next come vague hints of "consequences," etc., and proofs of Byron's distraction. And next we are told that Mrs. Leigh's fourth child was born "about April 15, 1814," and christened Medora. Positively that is all! The reader is supposed to have divined the secret, which later on is discreetly and gradually taken for granted. Why this mystery? Why not state the case plainly—thus: Mrs. Musters, a separated wife, was "in trouble" by Byron. His sister, Augusta Leigh, is consulted. They conspire. She feigns pregnancy. In April Mary lies in secretly, and Mrs. Leigh carries out a phantom accouchement. The baby is forwarded privately and becomes Miss Medora Leigh. That is all. Is it so very unwriteable?

Let me say at once that after careful study I accept this story until it is disproved, for more reasons than I could explain here. But can we seriously expect the public to swallow such a mere skeleton tale? Awkward questions will be asked.

To most of these, however, answers have already occurred to me which would hardly strike the prepossessed biographer. These answers and some inquiry into the bearing of the Incident upon the origin and growth of the Mythic Scandal, I may perhaps put forward hereafter, if required. One would only turn back to so odious a page in the hope of helping to obliterate it for ever.

Of Byron the Reprobate Genius, nothing final can be said, even after a century of cavilling. We admire him and sympathise with him at times—never quite love—and then we again detest him, and feel that leniency is disloyalty to conscience. If we cannot excuse, we can at least explain. Like Sterne, he came of evil parentage on both sides. His early nurture was unworthy of the heir of a cannibal chief—at school and college he was neglected in the good old way. No mentor to force him to pause and reflect and resolve before starting on his life journey—never a friend, not even Hobhouse, strong enough to grapple with his strength. His passionate nature needed, but never found, completion in love. A great man, he could only have been redeemed by a great woman, one who while charming his senses could by her nobility of soul tame his pride and command his reverence. Guicciolo was amiable, sensible, and good, but not strong. Creatures like Lady Caroline and the Clements woman soon disgusted him. He had to fall back on constancy to a mere dream or make-believe, and go on loving Mary Chaworth just because she was out of his reach. Otherwise she seems to have been a very ordinary British female. From the society of the regency, its brutality and meanness varnished over with Sterne's sickly sentiment, Byron revolted wisely

if not too well. Disdaining to discriminate among the crowd beneath him, he allowed base things like Hunt to crawl too close. A powerful, clear, practical mind with a latent strain of madness—a perversity which made him his own worst enemy. Though poetry was the only sphere he had left himself, it was not enough for his energies or ambition. The truth is that he made a bad start in life, and died before he had mapped out a new course. But it is idle to excuse where we do not understand. And after all, if Sterne had minded his duty and Byron become a well-managed husband, bookmen would have been none the happier.

Y. Y.

MR. POPE.*

It was presumably the fact of her having written a biography of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu that first made George Paston regard Alexander Pope as fitting subject for similar treatment, and thus turn her attention to the preparation of these two bulky volumes. In Lady Mary the writer had a subject touched with romance, had the good fortune to be able to make use of much fresh material and to give a full-length portrait of a woman but vaguely known to readers professing some knowledge of eighteenth-century life and letters. In Pope, however, she has little of these advantages, and the added disadvantage of writing about one with whom she evidently has, to use Lamb's euphemistic phrase, an imperfect sympathy, one who has been the subject of full-length portraits, and "kit-cat" essays by many notable literary artists. The result is, at any rate to a reader who was a Popeian in his 'teens, something of a disappointment. The book is frankly addressed as a "plain chronicle of the life and work of the poet" to readers with but a slight knowledge of Pope and his writings. It is a plain chronicle, giving the uneventful record of the poet's career with passages from his letters, descriptions of and extracts from his poems, very little criticism, and scarce as much as might be said in extenuation of Pope's faults. There is perhaps too great a tendency in a self-righteous age to accentuate the errors of an earlier generation. Pope was, physically, a weak man and may have had some of the pettiness of spirit, the instinctive cruelty, popularly supposed to be inherent in such. He has been branded with various derogatory epithets, but many of these are applicable chiefly because he so well represented the age of artificiality, of superficial manners, of *ton*. The frank libertinism of the sheer pleasure-loving life of the Restoration was perhaps morally healthier than the "politeness" of the early part of the following century. A polite society generally means a society in which uglinesses are presumed not to exist because they are hidden from sight. Few of Pope's illustrious contemporaries were any more perfect characters than he. That he lied, that he indulged in what we may well regard as double-dealing, that he, to use his latest biographer's phrase, damned sins he was inclined to, that he was an unscrupulous opponent—all this may be granted, but even so he was the product of his age.

It may be said that the work is more interesting than the worker. And here we find ourselves on curiously debateable ground. Most writers agree in stigmatising, with varying degrees of forcefulness, "the little wasp of Twickenham," as somebody named him, but as to the value of his work, how it should be regarded, and whether it entitles him to the name of poet at all, there is a fine division of opinion. Said Dr. Johnson, "If Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found?" To Byron Pope was a supreme poet, to Thackeray he was "the greatest literary *artist* that England has seen," to Lowell he was the greatest poet of artificiality and wit—and now Mr. Arthur Symons in one of the most masterly works of present-day criticism ("The Romantic Movement in English Poetry") denies him the title of poet in the true sense at all! To Mr. Symons Pope is "but a writer of extraordinary prose capacity and finish, who, if he had lived in another age, and among genuine poets, would have had no more than a place apart, admired for the unique thing he could do, but not mistaken for a poet of true lineage." To critics who insist upon imagination, fancy, a glow, as it were, of "the light that never was on sea or shore," as necessary to true poetry, it may well be that Pope should be denied the name of poet. The generality of readers will, it may be believed, go on insisting that in the house of poetry there are many mansions, and that one of them is fittingly reserved for those who without being able to "sing" (to use Lowell's illustration), are yet masters of expressing themselves metrically. For such, despite the refiners, Alexander Pope will remain among the poets. If, following Mr. Symons, we deny him the title, then we must add to prose and poetry a third literary division in which he will unquestionably rank supreme.

George Paston, in setting forth the story of Pope's life, does not succeed in making him anything more than a literary figure, the centre, as it were, of a scattered coterie; she does not seem to have felt such sympathy as is necessary to make the central figure of a work of this kind a real personality to readers. Thus it is that to a reader with no previous knowledge of Pope's life and character, the poet will appear from these pages but a shadowy unsubstantial creature. There might well have been—gathered from the ample materials existing—more of descriptive matter, more of an attempt to pass on, as it were, a visualisation of the man and his surroundings, and perhaps less of the merely expository. The biographer has an annoying fondness for innuendo against the moral or literary character of her subject. In a footnote she tells us "Cowley's poetry had gone out of fashion, but that Pope himself

* "Mr. Pope: His Life and Times." By George Paston. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)

From a mezzotint engraving after the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller. **Jacob Tonson.**

From "Mr. Pope: His Life and Times," by George Paston. (Hutchinson.)

had studied him with great attention is proved by the numerous images that he borrowed from him. It was just as well for Pope that his contemporaries did not read Cowley." This is appended to the quotation:

> "Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
> His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
> Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art,
> But still I love the language of his heart."

Surely it is scarcely likely that a popular poet who pilfered a neglected poet's images would draw attention to the source of his pilferings. Then, too, in references to Pope's "flirtations by correspondence," the biographer suggests overmuch. It was somewhat the fashion of the time to use exaggeration in terms of friendship and affection, exaggeration which has to be allowed for by readers of an age more reticent in matters of sentiment. While regretting that George Paston was not able to strike a more enthusiastic note, we may welcome her work as a clearly told story of Pope's life, a thoughtful exposition of his writings and as a possible aid towards a revival of interest in the work of a man who, however we label him, stands as one of the dominating literary figures of the eighteenth century.

WALTER JERROLD.

THE EPIC OF GARIBALDI.*

Lord Macaulay declared that he would write a history which would make the young ladies forsake the novels of the circulating libraries, and his great-nephew has written a book of which one reader at least can testify that he could not put it down until he had finished the story of the Sicilian expedition and seen Garibaldi safe in Palermo. No story of the modern world equals this adventure in its singular fortune and amazing result. I remember Mr. Lecky saying that the men of his generation were lucky because they had, to stir their faith and rouse their spirit, the enthusiasm of Italy. A certain disillusionment, difficult to dispel, hangs over the political results of that enthusiasm as we know them to-day—the garment of unity has been woven, but there are ugly spots and patches in the robe. Whether or not it was because "Italy was made too fast," or because of "deep-seated sociological causes stretching back two thousand years," it is undoubtedly true that united Italy does not inspire the same passionate sympathy which Italy in the making created not only in our poets and dreamers, but also in our politicians and worldlings. "The dreams of the noblest of men," says Mr. Trevelyan, "are carried out in actual fact by populations just set free from the corrupting servitude of centuries." *L'homme moyen sensuel* will not come up to expectations, and the democracy is the democrat's despair. Mr. Trevelyan, who has steeped himself in the history of the great period and has had the honour and fortune of knowing and talking with many of its heroes, has not lost his faith, and he recaptures something of the rapture of that earlier day. He writes like a trained historian, but his history has life in its veins, and while he is careful to base himself upon authorities, he does not fall into the error of the prevalent school, whose style is as dry as the parchment upon which the texts which they worship are written. No man of his name could fall into the dismal heresy that history and literature are enemies, and if there is a danger which he risks it is the other danger of too rhapsodical an eloquence and too allusive an erudition. I could wish it had been possible to give the *ipsissima verba* of the conversations which are quoted as authority for many of Mr. Trevelyan's statements.

* "Garibaldi and the Thousand." By George Macaulay Trevelyan. 5 Maps and Numerous Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

Garibaldi in Exile.

From an engraving in the British Museum, from a photograph.
From "Garibaldi and the Thousand," by G. M. Trevelyan. (Longmans.)

The three leading actors in the drama so vividly recreated in this book were Cavour, Napoleon III., and Garibaldi. Incidentally the international influence of Mr. Gladstone's famous letters, and of Palmerston's and Lord John Russell's diplomacy, is well set out. Of Mr. Gladstone, in a sentence characteristic of Mr. Trevelyan's style, it is written: "In this man's heart flamed the disinterested hatred of injustice and cruelty, often found as the handmaid of other passions, but seldom thus the lord and dictator of the soul." Cavour was the brain of the movement, marching by tortuous paths to his great end, a man of strong will and of intellect so subtle that he is certain to puzzle historians for all time. Mr. Trevelyan compares him with William III.—a high compliment from one born in the purple of Whiggism—both in his superiority to parties and in his use of unscrupulous methods. "He often employed deceit in times of grave international emergency. . . . A statesman so much in the habit of saying one thing to one man and another to another, covers up his traces from the historian who would track out his real motives." Mr. Trevelyan has not perhaps sufficiently emphasised Cavour's extraordinary diplomatic success at the Congress of Paris in 1856, when he succeeded in arraigning Austria before the representatives of Europe, and prepared that isolation of Austria which was an essential element of his war policy in 1859. Napoleon was at once the greatest helper and the least trustworthy ally of Italy. Mr. Trevelyan dismisses the theory that the Emperor aided Cavour because he feared the secret societies of Italy. "Those know little of Napoleon who think that fear or any other single passion or single object can explain his conduct in anything. . . . The flagrant contradiction between the terms on which Napoleon held his throne in France and his desire to liberate Italy in-

volved him, during the remainder of his reign, in weak and crooked corners which led him to ultimate disaster. If he had been more far-seeing or less generous he would certainly have shrunk from stirring up the Italian question."

It would be impossible to praise too highly the account of Garibaldi and his two campaigns—the adventurous march through the lovely country of Varese and Como, and the expedition to Sicily—"that marvellous compound of audacity, heroism, craft, and good-luck," as Professor Masi called it. It is a story to be read breathlessly for its excitement, and to be re-read for its art. The man himself, soldier and mystic as was Gordon, is brought before us by many vivid touches, and Mr. Trevelyan's "minute inquiry" shows him as he was, a knightly nature, a true epic hero. "The fond simplicity of a child, the sensitive, tender humanity of a woman, the steady valour of a soldier, the good-heartedness and hardihood of a sailor, the imposing majesty of a king like Charlemagne, the brotherliness and universal sympathy of a democrat like Walt Whitman, the spiritual depth and fire of a poet, and an Olympian calm that was personal to himself—all plainly marked in his port and presence, his voice and his eyes—made him, not the greatest, but the unique figure of the age."

WALFORD D. GREEN.

THE LEADER'S LEGACY.*

To keep the heart of youth through the advancing years—that is the true secret of faith and hope. Many great men are denied the consolation, and many small men enjoy it to the full; but when the spirit of youth remains unsullied in a noble and eloquent nature, the possession is one to merit the envy of the gods.

To George Meredith, the last of the great Victorians, the gift was given in no common measure, and his parting legacy to his fellow-countrymen overflows with an abundant faith in the ultimate destiny of man and of his own country.

"Once I was part of the music I heard
On the boughs or sweet between earth and sky,
For joy of the beating of wings on high
My heart shot into the breast of the bird.

"I hear it now and I see it fly
And a life in wrinkles again is stirred,
My heart shoots into the breast of the bird,
As it will for sheer love till the last long sigh."

Such is his picture of his own experience, and such is his ideal for man and woman alike: the heart must beat, and the love of living must glow in the soul, and all things else "will be added unto you."

"She seemed to make the sunlight stay
And show her in its pride.
O she was fair as a beech in May
With the sun on the yonder side.

"There was more life than breath can give,
In the looks in her fair form;
For little can we say we live
Until the heart is warm."

But, when once the heart is warm and the spirit of youth preserved in the brain of wisdom, then all the world becomes transformed. And this is the dominant note of Meredith's last book; it breathes in every verse a noble confidence in the future of England, and a stirring inspiration to her leaders to quit them like men, and face the perils of the hour with equanimity. There is a great deal of quasi-political verse in the little volume, and, like all poetry which strives to preach a doctrine, it loses some beauty in the cause of emphasis. But whatever may be lost in this way is more than repaid in the splendid enthusiasm which floods the poet's fancy; it is a tremendous stimulus to find an old man, who has seen eighty years of change and vicissitude, so firm in faith and so uplifted in hopefulness.

"Under what spell are we debased
By fears for our inviolate Isle,
Whose record is of dangers faced
And flung to heel with even smile?
Is it a vaster force, a subtler guile?

. . . . . .

"This Britain slumbering, she is rich;
Lies placid as a cradled child;
At times with an uneasy twitch,
That tells of dreams unduly wild.
Shall she be with a foreign drug defiled?

"The grandeur of her deeds recall;
Look on her face so kindly fair:
This Britain! and were she to fall,
Mankind would breathe a harsher air,
The nations miss a light of leading rare."

But it is not enough to fold the hands and wait for the dawn in lassitude; man must go out himself to meet the morning.

"To sit on History in an easy chair,
Still rivalling the wild hordes by whom 'twas writ:
Sure, this beseems a race of laggard wit,
Unwarned by those plain letters scrawled on air.
If more than hands' and armsful be our share,
Snatch we for substance we see vapours flit.
Have we not heard derision infinite
When old men play the youth to chase the snare?
Let us be belted athletes, matched for foes,
Or stand aloof, the great Benevolent,
The Lord of Lands no Robber-birds annex,
Where Justice holds the scales with pure intent;
Armed to support her sword;—lest we compose
That Chapter for the historic word on Wrecks."

The sword of Nelson must be drawn, if need be, in the cause of honour, but the quarrel must be well-judged, first, so that the wise world approve it. Then, the heart of the children will go with their Mother into the battle.

"Australian, Canadian,
To tone old veins with streams of youth,
Our trust be on the best in man
Henceforth, and we shall prove that truth.
Prove to a world of brows down-bent,
That in the Britain thus endowed,
Imperial means beneficent,
And strength to service vowed."

This, as it seems at least to one reader, is the message of Meredith's last poems. It is a message ripe for its generation. "Raw haste, half-sister to Delay," is rampant alike in literature and politics, and Youth is only too ready (as perhaps it always was) to discount the wisdom of age as antiquated and ineffectual. Well, here was a leader of men who kept the heart of youth for four-score years, and tried it by the touchstone of experience. And his last word was of Hope and Work: his last signal a message of Confidence. It will surely find an echo among all classes of the community.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

* "Last Poems." By George Meredith. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

THE LIFE OF PRINCIPAL RAINY.*

Mr. Carnegie Simpson has been limited, in his biography of Dr. Rainy, by two preliminary considerations. For one thing, the great churchman's correspondence has yielded comparatively little material for an account of his life. Unlike Dr. Arnold or F. W. Robertson, Dr. Rainy is not revealed constantly and characteristically through the medium of the letters which he wrote. Then again, his published volumes give no adequate idea of the author's mind. The impromptu lectures which exposed the good Dean Stanley's knowledge of Scotch piety and the volume on "The Ancient Catholic Church" are his most considerable contributions to theology, but the circumstances under

* "The Life of Principal Rainy." By Patrick Carnegie Simpson, M.A. With Portraits. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

which the former book arose prevented it from being comprehensive, while the latter represents genius with its hands in its pockets sauntering through the early centuries. Both contain acute and penetrating pages, especially the latter. But neither does any justice to the range of insight and scholarship which the writer was known to possess. His sermons are notable for a ripe spiritual wisdom, yet even they fail to reveal the combination of subtlety and simplicity which has made men bracket him, in certain aspects, with Gladstone and Newman.

On the other hand, Mr. Simpson's main difficulty has probably been that of selection, the difficulty of keeping his hero in full view during the chapters which sketch with graphic strokes the successive movements of his church. In this he has been, upon the whole, successful. He has correctly judged that a record of Dr. Rainy's career must not only state but interpret and vindicate now and then the policies and principles of that church. The temptation of a biographer who sets out with this object is to fall into the discursiveness, the pouring out of the mind upon circumstances, for which Lowell humorously blamed Professor Masson's Life of Milton. Mr. Simpson has managed generally to avoid this peril. If the stage is sometimes crowded, it is not with supernumeraries but with scenery. Opinions will always vary upon the relevance or length of certain chapters, according as the reader happens to be acquainted with the details and outline of the situation beforehand. But the biography keeps the protagonist before the audience and leaves a real sense of unity upon the mind. It is the first history of the Free Church which counts as a piece of literature, and it has the further merit—let us add, the supreme merit—of bringing out with singular impressiveness the deep religious character as well as the ecclesiastical aims of the great Free Church leader.

There is a sentence, in Burnet's description of the Earl of Kincardine, which helps to illustrate one of the most central and commanding qualities in Dr. Rainy's character as a public man. "His thoughts went slow, and his words came much slower; but a deep judgment appearing in what he said and did, made a compensation." This quality of judicial grasp or practical sagacity was what gave Dr. Rainy the power of drawing to himself men who did not always agree with his opinions. No man had less of the free-lance about him, even in youth. He never sat on the cross-benches. Occasionally he gave outsiders the impression of a politic, tactical, compromising spirit, as if he felt above everything the sense of responsibility for a great church and was prepared to sacrifice more than others thought right in the interests of peace and unity. By many inside as well as outside the church, for example, he was never forgiven for his treatment of Professor Robertson Smith. Till Dr. Sutherland Black publishes his friend's biography, we shall not be able to judge that controversy on its merits, but Mr. Simpson has meanwhile written an *apologia* for Dr. Rainy's action which, if not convincing, is undeniably clever. As for the disestablishment propaganda, which hasty critics regarded as a repudiation of national religion, it may be said that the present biography is a sustained plea for the Christian justice of that movement. The dislike felt for Dr. Rainy on this score was not confined to the established church. He was followed as a church-leader by many in his own communion, both among the clergy and the laity, who had strong suspicions about the wisdom and timeliness of this particular policy. Nevertheless, the impression of his "deep judgment" did prevail, especially during the stormy close of his life when the judicial error of the House of Lords and the chaos which it produced in Scotland threw into relief his amazing powers of statesmanship. And this was the ripe compensation for his lack of popularity as a preacher, his lack of hospitality to criticism of the Bible, and his slowness of utterance.

The atmosphere of ecclesiastical controversy which pervades this biography may be misinterpreted by readers unfamiliar with the genius of the Scottish churches. Two things need to be borne in mind. As Mr. Simpson points out, "it was part of the proof of the greatness of this man's place in the public life of Scotland that his enemies could never let him alone. I refer to this because if a portrait of Principal Rainy is to have this background or atmosphere, the reader must realise—especially when he may be inclined to think that here is indeed a worthy and even a saintly character—that, day by day, the leader of the Free Church was being held up to the people of Scotland as the meanest inclined of men and the worldliest of ecclesiastics." The cheap acid which Mrs. Oliphant and a certain Edinburgh coterie made it the fashion to pour upon the Free Church was responsible for a good deal of this bitterness; nobody was a penny the worse for it, except those who lowered themselves to it, and the impartial reader should allow for this. He may also be reminded that the Scottish churches are eager in their controversies and assemblies because they mean business. They govern themselves, and their disputes are serious on that account. The burning subjects which engaged Dr. Rainy's life as a leader of the church were not only central but the outcome of the church's autonomy. When he spoke, it was with a view to action, regarding the doctrine or government of the church, and the discussions of policy which agitated the General Assembly in his time proved that the church was not only alive to the large movements of the age but prepared and free to determine her relation to them.

The value of this biography is therefore twofold. It presents the essential temper and tendencies of the Free Church of Scotland—and indeed of the presbyterian churches outside the establishment—with quite exceptional historical ability. It also narrates the career of the greatest Scottish churchman since Chalmers not only with a critical sympathy, but with a verve, a frankness, and a literary crispness which, it must be confessed, are as uncommon in this department of authorship as intellectuality in modern political orations. Mr. Simpson had a great personality as well as a great subject to write about, and he has evidently felt the greatness of his opportunity, but this has not diverted him into anything of the fussy obtrusiveness or affectation which beset the path of an admiring biographer, and it has delivered him from the tittle-tattle which is often supposed to add vividness to literary portraiture of this kind. Even those who disagree with Dr. Rainy's ecclesiastical policy at certain points, or with Mr. Simpson's interpretation of it, will probably agree that these volumes represent one of the most competent and even brilliant contributions which have been made to ecclesiastical biography since Dean Stanley published the life and correspondence of his master, Dr. Arnold.

JAMES MOFFATT.

WALPOLE'S LAST JOURNALS.*

A great number of people have long been under the impression that Horace Walpole was a name with which to conjure in the book-world. Yet there is food for reflection in the fact that not one of the many publishers who during the last decade have been flooding the country with cheap reprints of well-known books has thought it worth while to issue Walpole's memoirs and journals, though these have only been obtainable for the last generation through the secondhand dealers. First in order of publication came in 1822 "Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of George II.," edited by Lord Holland; three and twenty years later came "Memoirs of the Reign of George III.," edited by Sir Denis le Marchant; and after

* "The Last Journals of Horace Walpole during the reign of George III. from 1771–1783." With Notes by Dr. Doran. Edited, with an Introduction, by A. Francis Steuart, and containing numerous portraits reproduced from contemporary pictures, engravings, etc. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Lane.)

a further interval of fourteen years was issued, under the editorship of Dr. Doran, "Journals of the Reign of George III." Of these the first section was reprinted in 1846, and the second, with additional notes by Mr. G. F. R. Barker, in 1894.

Can it be that the general estimate of the popularity of Walpole is at fault, and that he is so little read that it would be unremunerative to republish his works? The answer to this cannot be given with any certainty, because the buying public with moderate means has never been given an opportunity to express its views. Even the famous Letters cannot be purchased at less than fifty shillings—the "remainder" price of Cunningham's edition; while the more complete edition of Mrs. Toynbee costs even in its cheaper form nearly five pounds. Yet surely there must be a considerable body of readers who desire to purchase a set at a lower price. The memoirs and journals, of course, cannot be expected to attract so large a public as the letters; but there must be many who will gladly turn to the volumes just issued from the Bodley Head, albeit the price, though not excessive for the handsome volumes, will prevent the poorer book-buyers from putting them on their shelves.

The first two series of memoirs cover the ground from 1751 to 1771, and the Journals carry on the narrative until 1783, though not, unhappily, so fully, a fact that Walpole states frankly:

"Even my Memoirs did not pretend to embrace the whole of our system; but to assist future historians with such lights as came to my knowledge. This journal is rather calculated for my own amusement than for posterity. I like to keep up the thread of my observations; if they prove useful to anybody else, I shall be glad; but I am not to answer for their imperfections, as I intend this journal for no regular work."

That was written in the year the journal was begun, but ten years later the author offers further excuse for it, and is clearly anxious that its faults of omission (rather than its faults of commission) shall not be visited upon his head. After stating that the debates in general had been so accurately taken and published of late years that there is no necessity for him to record them, he says of the journal:

"I have continued [it] so long merely to preserve certain passages less known, and to aid future historians, *not intending the journalistic part for any other use*, which from my retirement from the public scene, from my total disconnection with Ministers, from satiety of politics, and from disgust with so fatal a war, and so impotent and shameful an Administration—[this was written in February, 1782]—I have furnished very imperfectly; and though I have, again, been master of many lights by the accession of some few of my friends to power, yet age and indolence have unfitted me for taking pains to inform myself; and the slight notes I have preserved and do set down of the changes that happened in 1782 and 1783 will be chiefly such as I can warrant the truth of, and are not likely to be found in narratives of men much less conversant with some of the principal actors."

Walpole was, indeed, unnecessarily depreciatory of his journal, which is beyond question of great value. But it was not merely the publication of the debates, nor even the fact that he was not in touch with Ministers, that made Walpole take up this attitude: he realised that the field was becoming too large for one man to overlook. He complained so early as 1772 that the history of Indian affairs was already too vast for him to attempt to enter into the compass of such a journal as his. "Our concerns are become so extensive and so various that they baffle the knowledge and attention of any one man," he wrote. "What book can contain them? Into what *one* narrative will they not throw confusion? How little semblance between the affairs of America and Bengal! Who is master of both? I shall only touch on either as they arise on the scene." From this passage, written in March, 1772, it may be deduced that Walpole, no more than the great majority of statesmen, guessed that the most vital question of the day was shortly to be America, and that, though only touching on the affairs of that land "as they arise on the scene," a great portion of the journal would necessarily be occupied by the relations between the mother country and its rebellious colony.

T. Lawrence, R.A.
T. Evans, sculpt.

Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford.

From "The Last Journals of Horace Walpole." (John Lane.)

"For my own part, I can scarce lament the war," he wrote four years later. "Had the King and Lord Mansfield, who dreaded tumults and insurrections at home, and who knew they were in no danger from mobs across the Atlantic, had courage to invade liberty at home, they might have done their business almost at one stroke. By driving all America to resistance, they have made it very doubtful whether they will carry one point. If America gets the better, it will be independent, or will not return to us without effectuating by stipulation, or by the consequences of our ill-success, a total change of Administration, and a blow to despotism. If Britain prevails, it cannot be but by ruining the towns and trade of America, and by wasting the King's fleet, armies, and treasure, his best means of despotism. If a middle way, an ignominious treaty, ensues, what disgrace to the Crown, and what a damp to its farther innovations! No case can happen in which, if the King prevails, he will not be a far less potent monarch than before the war."

The extract is long, but its quotation is justified by the fact that it so admirably sums up the situation at the time it was written. That America would sooner or later have broken away from England is a view held by most historians, and that it was best for England it declared its independence when it did is the belief of many more; but the great colony might have been retained for more than a generation had it not been driven to set up business on its own account by the weak monarch who strove with all his might and main to be a king. As Horace Walpole prophesied, George the Third's popularity waned during the American war until it had faded away utterly, only to be revived many years later by the British successes against the Napoleonic armies, when he was

"A crazy old blind man in Windsor Tower."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

BILLICKS.*

"What! *both* of you awake!" was the sarcastic comment of the 'bus driver beside whom I was sitting, as he turned his team to the left to avoid a couple of waggons, laden with cabbages, and driven by sleepy-eyed yokels, who, with the reins on the horses' necks, were monopolising the centre of the road.

I do not know that 'bus driver's name, but from internal evidence I imagine it to be William Hicks, and that he and the "Billicks" (Bill 'Icks) of Mr. Adcock's entertaining volume are one and the same person.

Mr. Adcock has essayed to do for the 'bus driver what Mr. Jacobs has done for the night-watchman, but whereas Mr. Jacobs—wise man—weaves his character-study into a story, Mr. Adcock, greatly daring, discards story, and is content to make Billicks known to us by recording his comments and conversations upon topics of the day.

Readers of Mr. Adcock's convincing and compelling novels and short stories—especially "East End Idylls" and "The Consecration of Hetty Fleet"—are aware that in him we have a narrative-writer of extraordinary vividness and power. In the book before us he has purposely refrained from using that power. He has purposely refrained, too, from seeking adventitious aids by tacking on to the different chapters, in which he delineates his hero's humour and insight, some such episode or incident as he employed with success in "East End Idylls." The result makes for Art, and for Mr. Adcock's self-respect as a craftsman, but it is a dangerous experiment, inasmuch as a book, depending entirely for interest upon character-study and comments, must necessarily be slight, and to say that Mr. Adcock has justified his own daring is to pay no small compliment to his skill.

I have likened Billicks to Mr. Jacobs's night-watchman, but whereas the night-watchman comments chiefly upon such matters as concern his own calling, Billicks takes a broader view of life, and has so many shrewd, sane, apt and witty things to say about Kisses and Lovemaking, Fashion and Clothes, Women's Rights and Men's Wrongs, Luck, Illusions, Grumbling, Marriage, Politics, Patriotism, Cricket, Fortune-Telling and other matters, that one hopes some day to find the fine gold of the busman's philosophy collected into a Billicks Birthday Book. He is in fact not only Mr. Jacobs's night-watchman criticising life from under a driver's apron, but Mr. Dooley commenting on things in general from the box seat of an omnibus, and Mr. Jerome's "Idle Fellow" turned worker, and looking all the more kindly upon the vanities and weaknesses of his fellow-creatures for the fact that he has to keep his hands upon the reins and his eyes upon the road.

Billicks is evidently drawn from life, and should be easily identified. Those who hustle cityward atop of a once sober and steady furniture-removing pantechnicon that has taken to drink, and reels—"blind" with petrol, thirsting for blood, and running amok to get away from the fumes of his own evil breath—through the streets, will know him not. Nor will they who elect to be shot and propelled through space in a sort of human cartridge-case, as closely packed with passengers as a cartridge-case is packed with explosive, and discharged through a long-range rifle-barrel known as a tu'penny tube. But city clerks and other dwellers in North London, who prefer jogging leisurely and comfortably cityward in an old-fashioned omnibus, will recognise an old friend in Billicks.

Personally I am for Billicks and the omnibus, rather than for the motor-bus or the tube. If the passengers on Mr. Hicks's rumbling old vehicle have half as good a time as Mr. Adcock contrives to give the readers of his delightful and entertaining book, they are like to find the journey all too short.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

* "Billicks." By A. St. John Adcock. 2s. 6d. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

JANE AUSTEN.*

There is probably no other English novelist about whom such widely different opinions have been held as about Jane Austen. On the one hand her novels are described as monotonous, narrow, wholly devoid of any passion or sentiment; on the other hand they are praised for their delicacy of treatment, their wit and satire, and their unrivalled gallery of characters, superficially very similar, but in reality differentiated by the most minute and deft touches of analysis. It seems to be Miss Austen's fate to provoke strong feelings. Either you must admire her tremendously or you find her quite insufferable. There is no middle course; and her partisans and her detractors may be said almost to have only one thing in common—they are all agreed that she is not, and never will be, a really popular author.

But if Jane Austen is destined never to become the favourite that Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray have each long been, there are not wanting signs that she has her place tolerably firmly fixed in the affections of the novel-reading public. The new editions of her works, as the volumes noted at the foot of this review clearly show, appear with due regularity, and she becomes from time to time the subject of "appreciations" in various forms. Mr. Helm's "Jane Austen and her Country-House Comedy" is the latest of these books, and one has only to read the opening words to see that Mr. Helm is a devoted admirer. By his side I am proud to range myself.

But Mr. Helm is not content merely to be an admirer. Like the rest of us, he is fain to acknowledge that Jane Austen's books fail to attract the general public, and so he has set manfully to work to teach the unappreciative what a good thing they are missing. Theoretically the task ought not to be difficult. A writer such as Meredith can never become popular simply because he deliberately aimed at writing for the few. But with Jane Austen the case is very different. She has no abstruse philosophical, moral, or religious problems to expound. Her genius, as has been said, is shown "by making the familiar and commonplace intensely interesting and amusing." And, what is perhaps even more in her favour, she is extraordinarily lucid. Her sentences are never eloquent or ambitious, but they are invariably correct, and follow one another with the steady flow of a tranquil stream.

To Jane Austen's many excellences Mr. Helm does, on the whole, ample justice. Thus, for example, of her style he says that "the consistent absence of superfluous epithets and other redundancies is evidence that she had consciously formed an ideal of composition, and that she thought out the means of producing her effects is clear from several passages in her letters. To her niece who addressed her as 'Dear Miss Darcy,' and wanted her to answer in that character, Jane replied: 'Even had I more time I should not feel at all sure of the sort of letter that Miss D. would write.'" And again "there is no preciosity about her books; the narrative is easy, the incidents are probable; the dialogue, with few exceptions, is natural, the bright people being differentiated from the dull by their talk, and not, as in most novels, by the author's assurances." In noticing, again, what is perhaps the most striking of Miss Austen's characteristics, Mr. Helm well observes that

> "Jane Austen is not often funny and seldom makes jokes in her novels. Her humour is of the essential kind which is so nearly akin to wit that it is often almost identical with it. Wit and humour, after all definitions, are brothers who might be taken for one another by those who do not notice that the one has colder hands than the other."

* "Jane Austen and her Country-House Comedy." By W. H. Helm. 7s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash).—Jane Austen's Works: "Persuasion." "Mansfield Park" (2 vols.). "Emma (2 vols.). "Northanger Abbey." Each with 10 coloured illustrations after A. Wallis Mills. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus). —"Persuasion." "Emma." By Jane Austen. With 24 coloured illustrations by C. E. Brock. 5s. each net. (Dent.)

But while I can agree with most of what Mr. Helm says, I cannot do so altogether. One of the features of Miss Austen's work upon which he lays stress is its modernity. Whereas, he says, Fielding and Scott offer us a life which is largely remote from our own, and foreign to our experience, "Jane Austen invites us to enjoy a change of air among people with most of whom we may soon feel at ease; finding nothing in their conversation that will disturb our equanimity." This argument is subsequently more fully developed when Mr. Helm says:

"This point—that the material factors of manners and habits are little noted by Jane Austen—will strike many readers, at first sight, as of quite trivial importance. But it is largely the reason why her novels have so modern an external air compared with those, let us say, of Scott, or even of Balzac, who only began to write when her short career was ending. If Jane Austen had described the conditions of life at Hartfield or Kellynch with the particularity with which Balzac describes the Grandets' house at Saumur and the Guénics' at Guérande, or had given us such full accounts of the villagers on the estate of the Bertrams of Mansfield Park as Scott gave us of the smugglers and gipsies on the lands of the Bertrams of Ellangowan, we should see more clearly the changes that a hundred years have wrought in the habits of the English country."

Feel at ease with Jane Austen's characters, yes certainly. But that, surely, is quite a different thing from feeling that they are of our own times. It is, is it not, one of Jane Austen's great excellences that she contrives to create an atmosphere without resorting to endless pages of meticulous description, and that, crediting her readers with a little imagination and knowledge of "the material factors," she obtained her effects in less obvious and more delicate ways. That a story such as Scott's "Ivanhoe" should have a less modern external air than "Persuasion" is so obvious a truism that Mr. Helm can hardly be taken to insist upon that. But if he argues that Miss Austen's novels have a proportionately more modern air about them than the other authors quoted, then I can only say that for my part I do not think that Mr. Helm for once does justice to Miss Austen's power of representing the age in which she lived. Living as I do in the twentieth century, I confess that I not only feel as much at home with Sophy Weston as with Emma Woodhouse, but that I find the one pretty much as far removed from, say, Mr. Shaw's Sylvia Craven as the other. But the point need not be unduly laboured. For the rest I am glad to think that in Mr. Helm Miss Austen has found a judicious interpreter who has given a sympathetic and reasoned account both of her life and of her works.

MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY.

From a sketch by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.

The Logan Stone in Cornwall, with John Forster seated on the top.

From "Charles Dickens and his Friends," by W. Teignmouth Shore. (Cassell.)

THE FRIENDS OF BOZ.*

There is an old proverb to the effect that you may know a man by his friends; yet you find as a rule that his friends do not know him. Everybody seems to be agreed that Dickens was a superficial man, that he had no subtleties, no complexities of character, therefore it should not have been difficult to understand him; yet as you read through these interesting chapters of Mr. Teignmouth Shore's you learn, or are reminded, that those who knew him differed as much in their descriptions of his outward appearance and in their estimates of his personality as his critics still differ in their opinions of his work. T. A. Trollope said he was "a hearty man, a large-hearted man that is to say. He was perhaps the largest-hearted man I ever knew." On the other hand, Dr. John Brown speaks of his "adamantine egoism," and declares he was hard-hearted, "a man softest outside, hardest at the core"; and Lewes says: "Dickens would not give you a farthing of money, but he would take no end of trouble for you." George Eliot considered "his appearance is certainly disappointing, no benevolence in the face, and, I think, little in the head . . . in fact, he is not distinguished-looking in any way—neither handsome nor ugly, neither fat nor thin, neither tall nor short." Carlyle, however, has pictured him as "a fine little fellow, Boz, I think. Clear blue intelligent eyes, eyebrows that he arches amazingly, large protrusive rather loose mouth, a face of most extreme mobility, which he shuttles about—eyebrows, eyes, mouth and all—in a very singular manner while speaking"; and he referred to him—and he was not easily pleased—as "the good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens—every inch of him an honest man."

Mr. Shore scatters such contemporary judgments through his pages in bewildering variety, and in his own summing up decides that Dickens was shallow; he was not a scholar, "and his judgments of literature and the arts cannot be called otherwise than middle-class. In all his instincts and ambitions he was of the state of life in which he was born, middle-class; he showed this in his art as well as in his life." That is as may be. If it was middle-class art that produced Mr. Micawber, Dick Swiveller, the father of Little Dorrit, and some half a score other im-

* "Charles Dickens and his Friends." By W. Teignmouth Shore. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

mortals, it is so like the first-class article that we are not concerned to find out the difference.

But these expressions of opinion are the smaller and least important part of Mr. Teignmouth Shore's book; in the main he devotes himself to getting together the outstanding facts about Dickens and his friends, and so arranging them that they shall supply "a true picture of a strenuous man and of the strenuous life he led," and in this aim he has been entirely successful. He gives you intimate glimpses of the men and women who were of Dickens's circle from 1836, the year in which "Pickwick" made his appearance, until the year of his death. It was in every way a memorable circle, for it included most of the brilliant men of his time. Here are records of his relations with Thackeray, Macready, Talfourd, Landor, Leigh Hunt, Carlyle, Rogers, Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Maclise, Leech, Lord Lytton, Wilkie Collins, Forster, and many another—and not the least interesting passages are those devoted to certain of the minor celebrities among his acquaintances, such as Augustus Egg, Albert Smith, Sala, Yates, W. H. Wills, and others who were persons of importance in their day, if they are not in ours. Mr. Shore repeats all that can yet be told of the causes that led to the separation of Dickens from his wife, and in apportioning the blame lays most of it, and we think rightly, at the door of the former. He links up his chapters throughout with succinct and sufficient accounts of Dickens's progress, and illustrates them with many portraits of the master and his associates. The book is skilfully and attractively written; it is a mine of good anecdotes, and a biography without pretending to be one, for it inevitably tells you all you really need to know about Dickens in telling you of his family and his friends.

A POET'S PLAYS.*

Mr. Masefield's book contains three prose plays, of which the longest and finest is "The Tragedy of Nan." The other two, and especially "Mrs. Harrison" (which has never been acted), a sequel to the second play, "The Campden Wonder," are both exceptionally good in their terse presentation of character through an artistic arrangement of natural speech. But we have room only to consider "Nan." The principal characters are the girl, Nan Hardwick, and her uncle's family—the Pargetters, father, mother, and daughter—and Dick Gurvil, a young man. They are country people living near the Severn in 1810. Nan is a beautiful girl detested and bullied by Mrs. Pargetter, partly because her father was hanged on a charge of sheep-stealing, partly because she and not her cousin, Jenny Pargetter, attracts Dick Gurvil. It is the day of a party. Nan has already had trouble with her uncle and aunt, but she is downstairs alone when Dick, the first guest, arrives. He is quick to make love to her. She lets down her hair, and he puts a rose in it and they embrace. When Mrs. Pargetter and the other guests enter she tells Dick that he will get nothing from his father if he marries a sheep-stealer's daughter. Dick transfers his courtship to Jenny, but the party has not broken up when Captain Dixon arrives with the news that Nan's father has been proved innocent and with £50 for Nan. That sum brings Dick round again. So Nan sees clearly and kills him with a knife, and goes out to drown herself as the Severn tide roars up from the sea.

The play is in easily intelligible dialect and opens with Mrs. Pargetter and Jenny rolling dough. The two talk, one with a curst, the other with a silly, tongue; and the talk gives an effect of life at once and very soon reveals character. Nan comes in and is stretched to the point of wild anger by her aunt's cold and sour brutality—"You lick your lips to make life Hell to me"—and once she picks up a knife. The woman sets her daughter against Nan, and the two girls talk:

"*Nan.* 'Ee will be my friend, won't 'ee, Jenny? Do-an't 'ee be agen me. I couldn't bear it if you turned agen me. I've sometimes been near killing myself since I came here. Your mother's been that bitter to me.
"*Jenny.* Don't 'ee say such things.
"*Nan.* Jenny, I'll tell 'ee why I didn't kill myself.
"*Jenny.* Lord, Nan, doa-n't 'ee.
"*Nan.* I want 'ee to bear with me, Jenny. I'll tell 'ee why I didn't kill myself. I thought . . . there . . . it's only nonsense. Did you ever think about men, Jenny? About loving a man?
"*Jenny.* I've 'oped to 'ave a 'ome of my own. And not to be a burden 'ere and that.
"*Nan.* Ah! But about 'elping a man?
"*Jenny.* A man 'as strength. 'E ought to 'elp a woman.
"*Nan.* I could 'elp a man, Jenny.
"*Jenny.* Wot ideyers you do 'ave."

Jenny tells her mother—"She be soft on Dick, mother." In the second act Nan's nature bears its first flower. In the scene with Dick her strong, pure nature abandons itself, at first slowly and then with a freedom and sweetness most lovely and pathetic to see. Mr. Masefield has not ceased to be a poet. This scene is the most perfect he has written yet. It is at once lyric and dramatic, and the poetry springs from the characters. And then Dick accepts Jenny and insults Nan before all the party. In the third act her nature flowers into sorrow and into hate. She talks with the old fiddler, and he to her, and of his youthful love and how she died:

"*Nan.* In your arms, gaffer?
"*Gaffer.* On my 'eart. My white vlower lay on my 'eart. The tide. The tide. The tide coming up the river.
"*Nan.* She was 'appy to die so, gaffer. Along of 'er true love. You 'ad the sweet of love along of your vlower. But them as 'as the sharp of love—them as never 'as no sweet. O, I wish the tide was comin' up over my 'ed, I do."

Jenny comes with some of her mother's mutton pasty—made from a diseased sheep—for the old man, and Nan forces her to eat it herself, and gives him the best victuals. When Dick comes out to wheedle Nan back she gives him a chance and finds that it is the money he is after; and then she feels herself the champion of the heart-broken women made by such men as Dick: "Oh, young man in your beauty, young man in your strong hunger. I will spare those women. . . . Spare them. Spare them. Spare them the hell. The hell of the heart-broken. Die—you—die!" The old man hears the tide. The play closes to the note of a horn.

The play is like a ballad. Or it would be like a ballad if there were one that had all the mournfulness and beauty of its music wrought into its very words. For Mr. Masefield's play combines the effect of music and words. It has the rusticity, the breath of Nature, and the passion "more precious sought than Sheba's gold," which the best of the ballads have at those best moments where their words are all but mad with the inexpressible extremity of love and misery. And yet there is no place where it can be said that Mr. Masefield turns lyric poet and ceases to be dramatic. He is as strict in the final scene as in the chat over the dough. The influence of the ballads has been great in poetry. But this poet has been able to preserve the simplicity of the ballad while enriching it with the beauty of a grave and sensitive modern spirit that has long brooded upon it. He has drawn from the rustic fiddle music that might have graced an exquisite violin.

EDWARD THOMAS.

* "The Tragedy of Nan, and Other Plays." By John Masefield. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

THE MAGIC OF KIPLING.*

"Wayte awhyle—wayte awhyle." What magic is it that lies in these two words, so that to read them is to be conscious of the spirit of childhood and green aisles and the footpaths of tears! And the spirit of them is essentially the keynote of Mr. Kipling's first story, "An Habitation

* "Actions and Reactions." By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Enforced," where out of the prosaic crash of the new world one is ushered into all the mystery and quietude of green woods and olden houses and the echoes of children's voices.

"It came without warning, at the very hour his hand was outstretched to crumple the Holz and Gunsberg Combine. The New York doctors called it overwork, and he lay in a darkened room, one ankle crossed above the other, tongue pressed into palate, wondering whether the next brain surge of prickly fires would drive his soul from all anchorages."

Thus we are introduced to George Chapin, American millionaire. He goes over to Europe in search of health, and his wife goes with him. On the eve of sailing, he says to his wife: "Sophie, I feel sorry about taking you away from everything like this. I—I suppose we're the two loneliest people on God's earth to-night." Says Sophie his wife, and kissed him: "Isn't it something to you that we're going together?" What a long, packed story is told in those two remarks! They drifted about Europe for months; but with little benefit to his health. Once he had an hour's keen talk with a railway magnate, which left him more or less collapsed. He nearly wept.

"In England they missed the alien tongues of Continental streets that reminded them of their own polyglot cities." Mrs. Shonts, an acquaintance, recommended them to "take an interest in the home of our ancestors"; but Sophie Chapin complained that she had tried it for a week, and never got further than tipping German waiters. Then Mrs. Shonts took them in hand, and "wrote widely and telegraphed far"; so that presently they found themselves at Rocketts, at the farm of one Cloak, in the Southern Counties, and four miles from any station. At the farm "they lay in an attic beneath a wavy whitewashed ceiling and because it rained, a wood fire was made in an iron basket on a brick hearth, and they fell asleep to the chirping of mice and the whimper of flames." In that single sentence the muffled silence and glamour of the quiet country lanes is wrapped all about the reader! In the morning they went out for a walk "through an all-abandoned land," and presently upon what had once been a carriage drive, and at the end, "behind the blue-green" of two gigantic holm-oaks, "a dark-bluish brick Georgian pile, with a shell-shaped fanlight over its pillared door." They found one in charge of the house, old Iggulden, blue-smocked and ancient, and he allowed them to wander through it, then and many a time. When Chapin and his wife returned to the farm, they asked many questions of the Cloaks. The house had been empty twenty-five years, and it was in the hands of "the lawyers." And the name of the house was Friars Pardon. Presently "in due time," the two asked each other about leaving; but the hushed call of the land held them, and they put the question on one side. Sophie, "whose life had been very largely spent among husbandless wives of high ideals," treasured the quiet and the togetherness. There is another long story told in these few words between the commas!

All the time, day after day, the two of them would wander down to the empty house, and go through the rooms, planning how they would furnish them; but never knowingly in earnest; and always one pictures ancient, blue-smocked Iggulden ushering them round, and talking quaintly. Then, one day, going up to the house by herself, Sophie the wife found old Iggulden "in his chair by the fire, a thistlespud between his knees, his head dropped." The old man was dead. She sat outside the door for hours with her arms round the old man's dog, waiting for some one to relieve her watch over the dead. The vicar came at last, and seeing the strain in her face, sent her away quickly; but told her to call at Mrs. Betts's "in the cottage with the wistaria next the blacksmith's" and tell her to come. And then you must picture Mrs. Betts: "Yiss, yiss, of course. Dear me! Well, Iggulden had had his day in my father's time. . . . Yiss, ma'am. *They come down like ellum-branches in still weather.* . . ." And the utter naturalness of their way of greeting death fills the girl with a "muddle of laughter and tears."

But this little act of Sophie's endears her in a quiet way to the people of the lands of quiet, and presently, when she and her husband decide to buy Friars Pardon, and furnish it, they find themselves welcomed strangely, as if the countryside knew already in its heart that they were one of themselves. And so, in the end, it was proved, by a coincidence eased of all unnaturalness by the art of the telling, that Sophie Chapin's mother was a Lashmar, of the Lashmars to whom in the by-gone years Friars Pardon had actually belonged. And thus the story goes forward, with the mystery and glamour and subtle touches that made "They" stand out among stories. And, presently, the childless American wakes to the knowledge of motherhood, and the countryside wake to the same knowledge, with a proprietary note in their knowledge, and an unseen care of the mother to-be, joining all in a conspiracy of silence as to the troubles of this world, and wrapping her mentally with assurances of well being. And then the boy! It had to be a boy, and one feels as thankful as the waiting countryside that the gods so ordered. And so this delightful story draws to a close, this little tale of how a man and woman came to know one another and the true happiness of life whilst they obeyed the old motto: "Wayte awhyle—wayte awhyle" in the quiet magic of a landscape of glamour that leaves one sighing for the reality. It is a tale you read with a constant tender laughter fluttering round you, and a sob at the back of your throat. To congratulate the writer is an impertinence—the story bears its own congratulations.

There are in the book seven other stories, of which one, "With the Night Mail," stands head and shoulders above the others; not on account of the telling, but because in it there is some genuine constructive work that rises to the verge of creation, and wherever an artist rises to creation, he must command respect, whether one approves of his matter or not, or of his form of expression. There is in this story, despite any fault that may have to be found with it, a vast amount of invention of detail, which though it may not be able to stand the test-stone of Practicability, yet fills out the horizon of the mind with details that lead our vision plausibly into the future—so plausibly that some portions of the story read almost as a prophecy. To say more is impossible. It is better to "Wayte awhyle—wayte awhyle." WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON.

MIND AND MATTER.*

Much study of what are called psychic phenomena has given Mr. Frank Podmore a keen scent for imposture in the realms of faith-healing. From Mesmer to Mrs. Eddy in this "Short History of Mental Healing" there is no attempt to conceal the quackery at work, though at the same time the author is fully alive to the fact that the claims made for Suggestion as a healing force are to be respected.

How many of us could explain the origin of the word "mesmerism," or have any clear knowledge of Mesmer, the Viennese physician who came to Paris in 1778 with his discovery of magnetic treatment? Mr. Podmore tells us the whole story, admits that Mesmer "was perhaps three parts a charlatan," and blames the medical authorities of France for their rejection in 1784 of "a pregnant scientific discovery." The magnetic fluid was a chimera, but the demonstrations later of somnambulism and anæsthesia by suggestion were realities, and the progress of the new healing has been indisputable. In France the men of science have taken up the study of mesmerism and remedial suggestion and show wonderful results. In America this same mesmerism has been made a religion, and for the

* "Mesmerism and Christian Science. A Short History of Mental Healing." By Frank Podmore. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

past fifty years has found its prophets and ruling elders. Here, too, equally wonderful results have been forthcoming—including that capture of Laurence Oliphant by Thomas Lake Harris. Mr. Podmore's chapters on Mrs. Eddy and Christian Science are of exceptional interest, because this religion of Christian Science is already in our midst in England, and most of us know as little about its founder as we do about Mesmer himself. The invention of Christian Science does not make a pretty story. It is surely only in America that such a queer mixture of dollar-grabbing, transcendentalism, and faith-healing could have been offered to the public as a religion and have been accepted. That Mrs. Eddy has brought healing and comfort to thousands is indisputable, and no greater tribute could be paid to the power of suggestion. We commend Mr. Podmore's book for its fairness, and for the very considerable information it contains.

FLOWERS OF POETRY.*

I cannot say that I sit down to write a notice of this book with that impartial, lukewarm frame of mind which is proper to reviewers. Nobody who read that other book of splendid poems—and this adjective applies to their adornment, it does not descend to their profundities—can now approach this poet without a certain kind of mist before his eye. Well, then I turn the pages of the later volume and I find:

"Nor good nor evil reigns in beauty's heart,
But that wine-burning trouble bred from both:
Nor is there any alchemy to part
Those elements the brooding gods betroth.
For from these deathless bridal inveteracies
The passionate pattern of the world is wrought.
. . . . . .
"Therefore the hills in yearning contours rise,
The proud stars move like masquers thro' the skies."

So that, admiring this, it may be that I have a mist before me. Let me try another page:

"So bring them to the cedarn room,
And let the Dark their angel be
To hang the jasper-coloured gloom
Around the couch of ivory.
Oh! quench the tapers, hush the flutes;
Like roses let them strike their roots
Within the Night of dim-blown stars and spice,
For they are folded safe in paradise."

Perhaps you that are free from mist, you that can clearly see when poetry is poetry, have come to my conclusion. It may be that you cannot say, with our poet, "In purple chambers I was born," and that you hanker for some other facets of this other sister of Rossetti. Here is the end of one poem:

"Oh! Stranger dreams because of me
Shall trouble eve and morn;
And love and roses redder be
Because I have been born."

And here is the end of another:

"A hooded falcon,
Upon God's wrist
Now cling I, brooding.—
O sun and mist,
O skies of wonder,
Not mine the plunder!
I am a falcon
Upon God's wrist."

So God be thanked! We have, for our delight, a poet. If she were living in her well-beloved Middle Ages, then maybe her book would be carried in procession through the streets of Florence. "I saw," she says,

"I saw a host of slim white pages ride
Through flowering fields to meet a sovran bride."

She has a strange beauty of image and imagination. She conducts us through a palace of enchantment, where the jewels fall on us.

"Fair youth, why linger by the palace-door
Far from the minstrel-din?
Joy is within:
I hear his dances beat across the floor.
And lo! the wand
Of revel-marshal in thy listless hand!"

HENRY BAERLEIN.

* "Rose and Vine." By Rachel Annand Taylor. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

THE IRISHMAN AT HOME.*

Truly, as Mr. Lynd says in his introductory chapter, the Irishman is one of the world's puzzles. What constitutes his Irishness? Is he Celt or Catholic? Is he comic or melancholy? Is he gay and generous or "a shrivelled piece of miserliness and superstition"? Is he peaceably inclined or given to murder and maiming of cattle? Is he a missionary among the nations or buffoon of the world?

We may ask and ask and never find an answer—or a thousand answers. The real Irishman, of whom we hear so much nowadays, remains a puzzle, despite the investigations of the world. From all sides they come, Germans, French, Italians, Americans, English, to study Paddy in his little island home; and they rush about on jaunting cars, walk over five-acre holdings, venture among the savages and pigs in smoky mud cabins, eat potatoes and salt, interview and observe and snapshot; and then they come away and write their observations in books, and we read the books—scores and scores of them—and seldom are much the wiser. Information, statistics, facts, theories, opinions, judgments—we get all those in bushels. But Paddy remains yonder on his rain-swept hills, inscrutable ever, still the puzzle of the world.

Not long ago an American reviewer, whilst recommending a victim to let Irishmen write their own books, expressed the opinion that Ireland now was full of polite literature. By the phrase he meant perhaps to indicate the change not only in outlook but in fact which characterises the present-day school of Irish writers. Where once we got turbulence, exaggeration, enthusiasm, we now get calm, measured, and most polite exposition. In his book Mr. Lynd quotes often and approvingly from Sir Horace Plunkett's "Ireland in the New Century"; did the change, one wonders, begin with the publication of that notable volume? At all events, the spirit of the new century moves everywhere in Mr. Lynd's own book. Its politeness, if the word may stand for all it means, is pervading. It is moderation, clearness, balance themselves. One would like, straight away, to thank Mr. Lynd for a volume which on the face of it is the work of what the Irish call a scholar and a gentleman.

It is not an ambitious book. It does not attempt solutions in psychology or character. It leaves Paddy the puzzle much where he was. It makes little endeavour to scratch under the surface, being indeed merely "a conversation about people and things rather than a scientific consideration of economic and social conditions." Elsewhere, Mr. Lynd claims his theme to be "the people of Ireland and their oneness"; and makes good his claim, too. But, speaking broadly, his book is a conversation—just the kindly informed talk of an Irishman who loves his country not less than he knows her. Not once or twice does he utter his political faith: Ireland preparing to leave the wilderness of her darkness and grief, and approaching "the way, not of mere political Nationalism, but of nationhood in the fullest and most spiritual meaning of the word." It is a fine aspiration.

Sir Harry Johnston complained once that writers on Ireland always left him wondering what the country really was like. Sir Harry meant that no one visualised Ireland for him; or, if you like, hinted subtly that the Irish Thomas

* "Home Life in Ireland." By Robert Lynd. 6s. net. (Mills & Boon.)

Farmhouse Interior.

From "Home Life in Ireland," by Robert Lynd. (Mills & Boon.)

Hardy has not yet appeared. Mr. Lynd is no Hardy, for all that his most convincing chapter sketches an Irish car-driver to the life. But he knows—he knows. He has sat in the peat smoke. He has seen the people on the fair greens and in the fields whilst the bell rings for the angelus; has seen them dancing and fiddling, praying, mourning, toiling; has heard their own songs, stories, legends, in their own tongue; has got to the heart of the movement which slowly but certainly is hastening Ireland towards nationhood "in fullest and most spiritual meaning of the word." It is about all that Mr. Lynd talks in his pleasant easy way. He tells how the Irish live, what their homes are like, their towns and villages, how they dress, what they eat and drink, how they court and marry; he has much to say of priest and parson, of the Ulsterman, of the gentry, the schools, of the state of education in Ireland and the conditions of work. And all he says is worth saying. It is intimate talk, his own talk about what he himself knows and has seen. Consequently his book has value. It is good and true.

That the book will be criticised, however, by some not of Mr. Lynd's way of thinking, is certain. He is prepared for that. His judgments, for instance, on England's policy in regard to Irish education will not go unchallenged. It may be, doubtless is, true that, in Sir Horace Plunkett's words, "the national factor in Ireland has been studiously eliminated from national education"; but surely Mr. Lynd sweeps too wide in asserting that "the National schools were intended to destroy any traces of an Irish civilisation." The result may be such, but the intention assuredly included some more or less benighted effort after education. After all, it is uplifting for Irish boys and girls to learn by heart, as they did once at any rate, a few, say, of Wordsworth's poems. Did Mr. Lynd, good writer that he is and expounder of his country, learn nothing at school?

A last word. The chapter on "Literature and Music" is, curiously enough, the least satisfactory in Mr. Lynd's book. That portion of it dealing with "the stream in English" is hardly relevant: the stream runs through so few Irish homes that, as Shaw or some one else said, Ireland maintains not even one native author. Besides, a record which makes no mention of Miss Barlow and of the brilliant women who wrote that great novel, "The Real Charlotte," needs remaking.

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

Novel Notes.

A MAN'S MAN. By Ian Hay. 6s. (Blackwood.)

If one may adapt the title of an earlier story by Mr. Hay, "A Man's Man" is the right stuff. The last phase of the hero's life, as the guardian and lover of a petulant young girl in England, is perhaps less romantic than his experiences on an Atlantic tramp or than his Cambridge days, but the same vivacity pervades all the pages of the book, and Mr. Hay manages to bring out the characteristic qualities of his hero without wearying the reader for a moment. It is a sincere pleasure to come across a novel of this stamp. As the title indicates, it is a study in masculine character, but there is plenty of love-interest in it. A man's man is not the sort of person who adapts himself easily or primarily to the ways of women. He is apt to misunderstand them and to be misunderstood by them. But if there is chivalry in him, the outcome of his relations with the other sex is assured, and this is the plot of Mr. Hay's clean and clever story. The hero, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, is "adored once too." The reader will search contemporary fiction far before he meets a novel which will give him the same frank pleasure and amusement as "A Man's Man." It is an advance upon the author's previous work, and it promises well for his work in the future.

ANNE OF AVONLEA. By L. M. Montgomery. 6s. (Pitman.)

This is one of the most delightful and refreshing of books—a book that stands quite apart from the ordinary run of "novels." It is a successor to "Anne of Green Gables"; the author continues in it the story of the quaintly imaginative and lovable Anne (now grown to "half-past" sixteen), in a decidedly clever and sympathetic manner. There is a great charm about the book; it possesses a fund of irresistible, quiet humour, and is written simply and naturally. Anne—with the hair "which her friends called auburn," and the seven freckles on her nose, with the vivid imagination and broad-minded views, good intentions, and unlucky blunders—is an ideal heroine. She becomes school teacher to the children of

Avonlea village, and sets out valiantly to win the love and respect of her pupils by kindness and firmness (she does not believe in caning); and how she succeeds with all but one small boy, and how she eventually wins him over by a totally unexpected act, rival in interest the episodes of the Improvement Society: Anne's admiration for Mrs. Charlotte E. Morgan (a well-known authoress) and the visit Mrs. Morgan pays her; Uncle Abe's weather prophesies, and how he was once (accidentally) right in his prophesies; Miss Lavendar's romance; troublesome Davy and prim Dora; Mr. Harrison's Jersey cow—and numerous others, are all equally entertaining. We hope sincerely to meet Anne again, and trust that the author will give us the pleasure of renewing her acquaintance by writing a successor to "Anne of Avonlea." There is an excellent frontispiece and coloured cover by George Gibbs.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS. By Harold Bell Wright. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The heroine of this story is a frank and handsome young woman whose beauty moves a shrivelled old ferryman to remark: "I've often thought hit didn't look jest fair fer God 'lmighty t' make sech a woman 'thout ary man t' match her. Makes me feel plumb 'shamed o' myself t' stand 'round in th' same county with her. Hit sure do." But Miss Sammy Lane finds a lover who is worthy of her in young Matt, a local John Ridd, and the story of their romance in the Wild West is bound up with the results of one or two tragedies. Mr. Wright belongs to the school of modern American writers who interpret the simple, vital life of the backwoods in a religious spirit. He infuses emotion and passion into his tale, but, while it smacks of the soil, there is a flavour of unaffected piety in the principal characters. The shepherd of the hills is a city clergyman whose son has ruined a girl in the district. He finds himself an inmate of the girl's home, and the plot of the book starts from his determination to live a simpler, kinder life among the country-folk than he had done as the popular minister of a city church. Mr. Wright has produced a story of excellent spirit and fine tone. It is good reading and it does one good to read it.

SEYMOUR CHARLTON. By W. B. Maxwell. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Novel readers have learnt to expect fine work from the pen of Mr. W. B. Maxwell, and they will be hard to please if his latest book does not attract them. "Seymour Charlton," possibly the best novel that Mr. Maxwell has yet written, in any case attains the very high level of his best work. It shows in a most favourable light the author's powers of observation and his sympathetic insight into human nature. There is practically no plot; the book may perhaps best be described as an account of the crucial period in the life of its hero, who passes through the various stages of unimportant second son of an earl, unexpected successor to the title, lover of a girl in comparatively humble circumstances, her husband, Under Secretary of State, unfaithful husband, repentant and suppliant husband, and ruined chairman of hotel company, to calm and happiness as "the richest nobleman in Yorkshire—with no bad security—all solid wealth, made up of Time, Love, Peace." The author's characterisation is particularly striking—of the five principal characters, three are great successes and none are failures—and in every way the book is quite out of the ordinary. Possibly Mr. Maxwell has been a little over-generous in the matter of length, but we thank him for his generosity.

THE UNLUCKY MARK. By Mrs. F. E. Penny. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

The authoress of this Anglo-Indian novel has strong views about the mischief done by ignorant Labour members in England who let themselves be misled into sympathy with a seditious faction of the Indian population. She also is alive to the problem presented by mixed marriages. The difference between Mohammedans, Hindus and English people is vividly brought out in the friendship of Alarda, the heroine, and Major Adam-u-din. These are really the main elements of the situation. The Indian's belief in the luck or misfortune which attends the owners of certain animals who are curiously marked gives the title to her book, but Mrs. Penny uses this in order to weave an exceedingly romantic story of an American girl who has her eyes slowly opened to the racial and social difficulties in Southern India. Those who have read any of her previous novels will understand the deftness and insight with which she works.

THE SEVERINS. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mrs. Sidgwick has sketched, with freshness and real penetration, the conflict between Bohemian and conventional manners in a modern household. A struggle of this kind can easily be caricatured, but she has managed to bring out fairly the essential defects and virtues of both ideals. The Severins are a happy-go-lucky family. Things go wrong with them, especially in money matters. They affect a contempt for British ways, and when their eldest brother, Michael, comes home to carry on business in London, he discovers the handicap imposed by his slatternly mother and wilful sisters upon his own peace and prospects. The book is full of various types of characters, detestable and attractive. Deminski, the dirty, communistic, foreign journalist, is as odious in one way as Clara, the daughter of a fashionable West-End house, in another. Selma and Clotilda, the strong sisters of the family, occupy the stage for the most part, and Mrs. Sidgwick shows how Michael's own experience—he falls in love with a married woman—enables him to sympathise with them to a certain extent

Photo by Paul Bros., Penzance. **Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick.**

in their revolt against cut-and-dried opinions, and yet at the same time to clear Clotilda and himself, at least, from the excesses of passion. The novel is a study in temperament, but there is plenty of spirit and salt in it.

THE ROSE OF DAUPHINY. By Philip L. Stevenson. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

The Rose of Dauphiny is Diane, the brave and beautiful daughter of Montbrun, the Huguenot leader in the reign of Henry III. of France. Although this heroic young woman does not loom very large in these "Adventures of the Sieur de Roquelaure in the French Wars of Religion," we are convinced that Roquelaure was a lucky man to win her affections and that his rejection by Gillone de Thorigny, maid of honour to Margaret de Valois, wife of Henry of Navarre, was all for the best. But then Roquelaure was bound to be lucky, for he was as courageous as he was faithful, and was moreover a first-rate swordsman. The great Dumas taught us long ago that such men are to be respected, for they invariably outwit their enemies when they don't kill them, and their own persons are always under the providential protection of the author. When we are not following Roquelaure's adventures we are at the court of the King of France, and it is as wicked as ever. The Queen-mother, Catherine Medici, is at her old games; Henry of Navarre and Margaret de Valois are cool and friendly; the King is, of course, despicable; Alencon, Guise, and Bussy hover round; and the inevitable court favourites, the *mignons*, with Du Guast at their head, behave abominably, which is the way of such creatures. There is plenty of noise and stir in the book, and we hear the clash of arms and see the spilling of blood. Battles are fought, and plots and intrigues occur at frequent intervals, and we follow the career of Roquelaure with sympathetic interest. Mr. Philip L. Stevenson never startles us with daring strokes of imagination, but gives us a clear, straightforward, entertaining historical romance.

THE PRINCE OF DESTINY. By Sarath Kumar Ghosh. 6s. (Rebman.)

There have been many novels of Indian life; "The Prince of Destiny" is another, but with this great difference—it is written by an Indian. Mr. Ghosh writes vigorously and well; he has an attractive, picturesque style, and impresses you with the high sincerity of his purpose, which is to bring India and England to a better understanding of each other. He tells the story of Barath, the Prince of Destiny, from the time of his birth to the days when, as one of the ruling Princes of India, he averts a threatened disaster and saves India to the Empire. Barath comes over to be educated in England; he goes to Cambridge; he sees much of London life, and becomes intimate with famous men whom Mr. Ghosh introduces without disguise; but the circumstance that weighs most in the working out of his destiny is that he lives and is made at home with an English family that knows the East, and without always sharing is in sympathy with his high ideals. It is impossible to do justice to this remarkable romance by outlining its plot. We have read no book in which the very atmosphere of India is so wonderfully reproduced: it makes you familiar with the social customs of the country, with its intense religious fervour and political unrest, and through it all runs a strong narrative of the passionate love of the Prince for a charming English girl, a narrative that passes through many moments of vivid dramatic incident to a final great renunciation of self on the altar of duty. It is a romance of to-day that should be read for its rich imaginative power no less than for the information and the warning it contains of the peril Britain has to face in India, the causes of that peril and the ways in which an intellectual and patriotic Indian believes it may be averted.

THE SMITHS OF VALLEY VIEW. By Keble Howard. 6s. (Cassell.)

We meet again here some of the delightful people Mr. Keble Howard introduced us to in "The Smiths of Surbiton," and the many admirers of the Smith family will follow this continuation of their history with the keenest pleasure. The story chiefly concerns Ralph and Enid Smith, and their daughter Nancy—a jolly, high-spirited young lady (a trifle too touchy at times, perhaps), with whom Dick Nesbit has fallen in love. The Smiths go for a holiday to Westbourne, and take a house next door to their friends the Nesbits, and one very amusing chapter relates how Dick, an ardent Territorial, having taught Nancy the code, signals one morning with flags from the next door garden. The flag starts wagging furiously, "G-o-o-d m-o-r-n-i-n-g. W-i-l-l y-o-u c-o-m-e f-o-r a l-i-t-t-l-e s-t-r-o-l-l b-e-f-o-r-e b-r-e-a-k-f-a-s-t?" If she raised the blind a little more, that would mean "Yes." If she pulled it right down, that would mean "No." Whilst she was hesitating, John Nesbit came from the house and joined his brother. "Hullo!" said John. "Having a bit of practice?" "Looks like it," was the discouraging answer. "Fine exercise," said John, "I think I'll take it up myself." Dick does his best to get rid of John, but finding it useless, continues his signalling. "What did you say then?" asked John. "I said, 'Some people never seem to know when they are not wanted.'" "But that's eleven words," protested John, "and you only sent nine." "How do you know?" asked Dick, rather startled. "You showed me the signal for ending a word, you know." "More ass me!" muttered Dick to himself. Aloud he said, "'To know' and 'they are' count as single words." "Fancy!" said John, greatly surprised. He did not, however, take the hint. Dick began to grow irritable. It was too bad of Nancy not to give him some sort of reply. "L-o-o-k h-e-r-e," he signalled. "I-f y-o-u c-a-n-'t t-a-k-e t-h-e t-r-o-u-b-l-e e-v-e-n t-o g-i-v-e t-h-a-t b-e-a-s-t-l-y b-l-i-n-d o-f y-o-u-r-s a b-i-t o-f a s-h-a-ke I m-a-y a-s w-e-l-l——" Down came the blind with a run. The whole book is written in Mr. Howard's happiest vein, and makes very enjoyable reading.

THE SHERIFF OF DYKE HOLE. By Ridgwell Cullum. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Although it is not a matter of great difficulty to deduce the plot of Mr. Cullum's new book from its opening chapters, this in no way detracts from its interest. The sub-title, "The Story of a Legacy," pretty well describes it. Dick Roydon is left two millions on condition that he discovers a certain silver mine in Montana which at one time belonged to his benefactor and that he also finds out the whereabouts of that benefactor's wife or daughter and instals her as owner of the mine. On arrival at Dyke Hole, he makes a muddle of things and presents the holder of the mine with the only map by which it may be located. It is at once clear to the reader that this man's honesty is very doubtful, and of course in the end this is proved to be the case. Roydon also meets a "water nymph," otherwise an attractive local resident, with whom he promptly becomes infatuated. There is also the character of the book, the Sheriff, and the desperado Kate (who eventually turns out to be the missing daughter). Mr. Cullum does not fail in manufacturing an adequate plot out of these materials. The greater part of the book, however, is concerned with the manners and customs of Dyke Hole and with the delightfully terrifying figure of its Sheriff, whose *bon mots* are as numerous as they are humorous. The author is especially successful in catching the atmosphere of a somewhat exaggerated "Wild West," and in every way his new novel is most attractive. It is a book of high spirits, and it is also one of the funniest and most delightful novels that we have read for some time.

SPECIAL MESSENGER. By Robert W. Chambers. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

The theme of Mr. Chambers's new book is the American Civil War, the heroine—rather an aggravating person—an accomplished special messenger and spy upon the Union side. In eight longish chapters the author describes some of her romantic—and imaginary—adventures. Needless to say, the Special Messenger turns up trumps every time. She is a romantic young person, either loving or inducing love in pretty well every chapter, but it was a little unfair of Mr. Chambers to leave us in doubt as to whether she ever does marry the right man—who makes his appearance only at the beginning and end of the book. But it is not for its central plot that "Special Messenger" is worth reading. The book has clearly been written primarily for the magazine public, and the chapters which compose it are a series of stories—"complete in each part." As stories these are of unusual merit. They display an insider's knowledge of war and its possibilities, they are vastly exciting, and the skill with which they are handled at once shows that their author is no ordinary magazine writer. Mr. Chambers, indeed, has done quite as good work in "Special Messenger" as in any of his more ambitious attempts. The book is sure to be popular, and needs no further recommendation from us.

THE RETURN OF THE PETTICOAT. By Warwick Deeping. 6s. (Harpers.)

Given a woman who wishes to pass as a man, two obvious questions suggest themselves. How long can she hope to escape detection, and how long will she continue in her resolve? Sybil Dathan had apparently, for Mr. Deeping is not explicit, been badly treated by a man, and in her resentment is so weary of womanhood that her one desire is to escape from the trammels of sex. Psychologically it is open to question whether a woman wou d wish to blot out the memory of a man's cruelty by becoming a man herself. But psychology is not Mr. Deeping's strong point, and given the situation, the results are at least as interesting as the motive. Sybil was slim in figure, and her voice was deep enough to pass for a man's. She had as good a chance of escaping detection as any woman could have, and her decision was a considered determination, and not a mere whim. Mr. Deeping states his problem fairly and shirks no difficulties. His answer is that sex must prevail. The case which he takes is admittedly an extreme case, and the answer must mean that even under the most favourable circumstances no woman can or will conceal her sex for long. Too much space is devoted to the not very convincing device by which Sybil contrives to resume her sex without betraying her secret. But apart from this, the story is handled with a good deal of skill. The subsidiary characters are well drawn, especially the young farmer, love for whom is the immediate cause of Sybil's conversion, and the country minx who flirts with him. But the pleasantest part of the book is the background, a charming description of idyllic country life. Mr. Deeping has a real love for the country, and though occasionally his descriptions are strained, he contrives in spite of his weakness for fine writing to catch something of the radiance of the countryside in spring and summer. His *plein air* effects are well done.

LORD ALISTAIR'S REBELLION. By Allen Upward. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Mr. Allen Upward seems to be dissatisfied with practically every British institution that can easily be thought of. We fully acknowledge the abundant cleverness of "Lord Alistair's Rebellion," but there can be no doubt that the book would have been a better piece of work and that its satire would have been more effective if the author had been rather less sweeping in his attacks. Under the guise of a "chapter of contemporary history," Mr. Upward gives us an unusual, though somewhat unsatisfactory, story. Lord Alistair Stuart has been brought up in the odour of Puritanical sanctity, but, on reaching manhood, he breaks with his former associations, and becomes a leader of a small company of "æsthetes," who extol the powers of vice. He becomes entangled with a notorious young Irishwoman, and is finally ensnared into a foolish "Legitimist" plot for the throne of England on the death of Queen Victoria. This brings matters to a head, and Lord Alistair is induced to leave his long-suffering country. Thereupon he turns over a new leaf and the book ends with a letter from him to the girl whose good influence has been the only drag on his former career, inviting her to join him in a monastery (to be situate somewhere in the East) where the things of the spirit will have precedence over those of the body. In the character of Lord Alistair Mr. Upward has essayed a difficult task, and has carried it through creditably, if not triumphantly. While he cannot explain all the motives for his hero's misdeeds, he at least succeeds in making the reader interested and sympathetic. As we have said above, the book is clever, although we confess to a sense of bewilderment as to what it all means. Therein probably the author has had the effect upon us which he intended to make—he has made us think. We recommend "Lord Alistair's Rebellion" to those persons who like something more than mere incident in their fiction.

Mr. R. W. Chambers.

THE KING'S SIGNET. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

However strongly you may feel that truth and right were on the side of the Roundheads in the great struggle between King and Parliament, you cannot deny that most of the romance of that era belonged to the Cavaliers. Failure is always more romantic than success; your sympathies are bound to be with the losing side, especially when the losers are so carelessly gay and so gallant as were many of the followers of Charles; there is something fine in a whole-hearted, self-sacrificing loyalty, even when it is to a bad king or a bad cause. It is useless to say that in "The King's Signet" Mr. Morice Gerard does not show the Court party at its worst, not the Puritans at their best; these are points on which we shall never be all in agreement; and if he does more than justice to Charles II., at least he does not do less than justice to Cromwell himself, and his presentment of the Duke of Buckingham is an unsparing picture of the type of aristocratic blackguard whose doings made the Court of the second Charles infamous. The story opens in the days of the Commonwealth; Charles II. has headed an unsuccessful rising, his Scots army has been routed, and he is a fugitive through England seeking opportunity to escape back to the Continent. Lurking on the estate of Sir Evelyn Lee, closely pursued, he sees Sir Evelyn's little daughter Lucille, trusts her with a secret message to her father, and Sir

Evelyn hurries him to a place of hiding in some ruins. Lucille, child-like, has followed them unnoticed; and when they discover her, the King deprecates her father's anger, declares he owes his life to her already, and will trust her not to betray him. Later, when she helps her mother to smuggle food in to him, he talks with her, and she tells him she will pray for him always. "The young man smiled. 'That can do me no harm, and may even do me good.' As he spoke he drew from his finger a solitary ring which he was wearing. . . . He took Lucille's small white hand into his own, and tried it on her slim fingers one after the other, smiling at the fatuity of the effort. Then he opened the palm of her hand and placed the ring in the centre. 'There!' he said, 'I give it to you; you will have to wear it round your neck, it is too large for such maiden fingers.' He still looked into the depths of her eyes; his face grew more grave. 'One day,' he went on, 'your mother's prophecy and your prayers may be fulfilled; if that day comes you may want something within my power to bestow; should that happen remember that I owe you a debt, perchance even the debt of my life, and that you can claim what you will in return.'" The story develops rapidly; Cromwell dies; the King comes into his own again; love dawns upon the life of Lucille, and she and her lover are happy; are married; are presently pursued by the malignity of an enemy even into the very shadow of death; then, at the eleventh hour, she owes her husband's life to the possession of that ring of the King's. It is a vivid and excellent romance, full of colour and movement, and makes most absorbingly interesting reading.

The Bookman's Table.

MY SUMMER IN LONDON. By James Milne. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

There is a general inclination among town-workers, now-a-days, for a home in the country, but Mr. James Milne seems to have reversed this order of things. Formerly he worked in London, but lived well outside it. This year he changed his residence, moved into what is almost the heart of the city, and in this very pleasant, very entertaining book of his gives you the impressions and experiences he has enjoyed during the first summer of his life among these new surroundings. Enjoyed is emphatically the right word; he confesses to still missing a little the "space, fresh air, a certain neighbourness to the consolations of nature" that are to be had in the country, but he is spared the daily journey from Greater London to London Within; he cannot take his walks abroad without coming across the people all the world is talking about, and finding matters of fresh interest continually in the daily life of the crowd. He supplements this record of his ramblings with a number of excellent photographs, and with personal recollections and some capital anecdotes of the famous men and women he has met in the course of a longish and very full career as a journalist. It is such a brightly written and agreeably gossipy volume that one hopes Mr. Milne will follow it with another devoted to his first winter in London, and that he will enjoy the winter as heartily as he has evidently enjoyed the summer.

SAINT TERESA OF SPAIN. By Helen Hester Colvill. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

By virtue perhaps of the innumerable little human touches in her writings, in her autobiography, in the "Way of Perfection," the "Mansions," and the many letters to friends and co-religionists that are still extant, it is Teresa of Avila who appears to us, of all the saints, least as an abstraction. "She was no being of ice and snow," to quote Miss Colvill, "living far away from us on a mountain top eternally bathed in the pure air of heaven. She was very human; at this time [when she entered the Encarnacion Convent at the age of eighteen] a high-spirited girl, fond of chatter and amusement, to whom prayer at times seemed tedious and her chosen cloister a dull place." Only when she was over forty did she finally throw off all weaknesses of the flesh, and her continual visions, suspected at first by herself and her superiors as being tricks of the evil one, at length instilled in her a firm conviction of her high mission. She was already middle-aged when she founded her first convent, that of the Discalced Carmelites of San Josef. Despite much opposition, it proved a success, and was but the first of many similar foundations all over Spain that were to owe their origin to Teresa. There is an interesting chapter on the sixteenth-century mystics, with whom Teresa may be classed. The movement, started by Alejo Vanegas, numbered among its followers Luis de Granada, Luis de Leon, the holy Juan de la Cruz, and Teresa herself. Miss Colvill is to be congratulated on an interesting study, produced with much care and pains, the only fault with which is to be found in occasional little flamboyancies of style that detract little from its solid merit.

MADAME DE MAINTENON: Her Life and Times, 1635-1719. By C. C. Dyson. 12s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

The writing of popular books on the fascinating women of history has long been a French fashion. Fifty years ago and more, while we were still modest and early Victorian, authors like Capefigue and Lescure had created a whole library of works dealing with the lives of the favourites of kings. Now such works, it seems, can scarcely come fast enough from English printing presses. Madame de Maintenon is, of course, one of the ladies to be dealt with, but while the interest of many of these beauties is wholly or mainly scandalous, Louis XIV.'s wife has other and more venerable characteristics. Her present biographer, indeed, is extremely anxious to explain that she was not scandalous at all. She was far from the "narrow, coldhearted woman" and "successful adventuress" of ultra-Protestant historians. She has been blamed for the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, but the most that can be laid to her charge is that she did not use her great influence to stop the atrocities which followed that abominable decree. Much good is certainly to be accounted unto her. A genuinely pious woman, it was her ambition to wean Louis from that attitude towards her sex which resulted in the illicit splendours of Louise de la Vallière and Madame de Montespan. But her greatest work was the foundation of that college for the orphan daughters of nobles and officers of which Boileau said: "If any gentleman should venture to speak with detraction of Madame de Maintenon, his name ought to be erased from the Roll of the Nobility, so base would be his ingratitude after the great benefits her foundation has conferred on his class." Mr. Dyson has written an interesting account of the long life of the foundress of St. Cyr: as a needy child, as wife to the brilliant, crooked Scarron, as gouvernante to Madame de Montespan's children, as the King's wife and councillor. His facts, however, which have been collected with great industry, might have been a little better digested. His proofs, too, might have been read a little more carefully. Bossuet is called Bossnet three times in two pages. The origin of "God save the King," as stated on the last page, is surely inaccurate.

GEORGE MEREDITH: Some Early Appreciations. Selected by Maurice Buxton Forman. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

James Thomson wrote, nearly thirty years ago, "The critics Mr. Meredith has had always with him"; in his recent book on "George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism," Mr. J. A. Hammerton demonstrated the truth of this by devoting a good deal of space to what Meredith's critics had written of him, and now Mr. Maurice Buxton Forman drives the argument well home by bringing together twenty-four early appreciations of Meredith, from that on the "Poems" which Mr. William Michael

Mignard, Louvre. **Madame de Maintenon.**

From "Madame de Maintenon," by C. C. Dyson. (John Lane.)

Rossetti contributed to the *Critic* in 1851, to Mark Pattison's review in the *Academy*, in 1883, of the "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth." Meredith is not and never was popular with the multitude, but the author who from the publication of his first book has been reviewed in the leading critical organs of the day by such writers as W. M. Rossetti, Charles Kingsley, George Eliot, James Thomson, Swinburne, Richard Garnett, Miss Jewsbury, R. H. Hutton, Henley, Mark Pattison, cannot be spoken of as one of the neglected. There is much in these old reviews that is of curious interest—it is interesting, for example, to find James Thomson condescending to Dickens, and evidently considering that he eulogises Meredith highly by placing him a little lower than George Eliot. Mr. Forman has done timely and useful work in this volume, and done it very thoroughly; it is something that all who are interested in Meredith and his great career will be glad to have on their shelves.

THE WORKS OF OSCAR WILDE. Vols. I. to VII. 5s. net each. (Methuen.)

Messrs. Methuen are issuing a uniform edition of the works of Oscar Wilde in twelve volumes; the first seven, which have now been published, contain (1) "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime," and "The Portrait of Mr. W. H."; (2) "The Duchess of Padua"; (3) Poems; (4) "Lady Windermere's Fan"; (5) "A Woman of no Importance"; (6) "An Ideal Husband"; and (7) "The Importance of Being Earnest." These four comedies of Wilde's have been compared, for their wit and epigrammatic brilliance, to the comedies of Congreve and Wycherley; there is a good deal to be said for the comparison—they have the wit, the sparkle, the gay humour of Congreve without anything of his occasional unsavouriness; and if they lack certain robuster qualities of the Restoration dramatists, they have a subtlety and refinement, touches of sentiment and seriousness, and a large sympathy with humanity that are beyond the scope of their predecessors. "The Importance of Being Earnest" is sheer farcical absurdity; but the other three are legitimate and exquisite comedy, mordant social satire edged with fantasy and epigram, and with something of melodrama running through to give them a warmth and colour of life. They have a good story to tell, and it is told with so rare an art that we have found even more delight in reading them than in seeing them acted; they are the first comedies that count as literature since Goldsmith wrote and Sheridan. But for some of us the greatest of Wilde's work is in his poems, in one particularly, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," which is included in this collection. Perhaps it is because so much has been said of his flippancies, his affectations, his insincerities, that it comes upon new readers with a shock of surprise, the profoundly human note that is continually sounding through his work. It is an elusive undertone in the comedies, it lives in the fine but somewhat hysterical tragedy of "The Duchess of Padua," it recurs everywhere through his poetry, in such sonnets as "Easter Day" and "E Tenebris," in "The Burden of Itys," in many of his lyrics, and it throbs in every verse, in every line of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol"—one of the very few poems in which the pathos and the heartbreak of human suffering are so rendered that you literally feel them whilst you read; there is no poem in the language more instinct with the beauty and passion of pity and repentance:

"The vilest deeds like prison weeds
Bloom well in prison air;
It is only what is good in Man
That wastes and withers there:
Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate,
And the warder is Despair. . . .

"And thus we rust Life's iron chain,
Degraded and alone;
And some men curse, and some men weep,
And some men make no moan:
But God's eternal laws are kind
And break the heart of stone.

"And every human heart that breaks,
In prison-cell or yard,
Is as that broken box that gave
Its treasure to the Lord,
And filled the unclean leper's house
With the scent of costliest nard.

"Ah! happy they whose hearts can break
And peace of pardon win!
How else may man make straight his plan
And cleanse his soul from Sin?
How else but through a broken heart
May Lord Christ enter in?"

This edition of Wilde's works is a cheap one in the best way; the books are as well printed and as tastefully bound as if they cost double the money. The remaining five volumes are, we gather, to be published at short intervals between now and the end of the year.

AN EDITOR'S CHAIR. By Ernest Foster. 2s. 6d. net. (Everett.)

Mr. Ernest Foster was for twenty years the editor of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*. No man could edit any paper for so lengthy a period without gathering knowledge and experience that was well worth placing on record, and in these pages Mr. Foster tells very pleasantly of the joys and sorrows that beset the editor of a popular weekly. He met and had dealings with a number of interesting contributors, and relates many good anecdotes concerning them, and many equally good concerning the distinguished scientists, actors, artists, lawyers, poets, and men of letters who were interviewed from time to time on behalf of his journal. It is the sort of book that the general reader will find curiously attractive, and that the general reader who is ambitious to become a writer will find distinctly helpful, for Mr. Foster has a good deal of sound advice for him as to how an editor should and should not be treated, as to the wisdom of trying to suit the paper you are desirous of contributing to, and as to the observance of a dozen other little points of tact and policy the observance or neglect of which makes all the difference between getting your MS. accepted and having it rejected.

Notes on New Books.

MR. HENRY FROWDE.

A triumphant collection of beauty and usefulness lies in the pages of the new anthology which the Oxford University Press has just issued. In a serviceable volume named **The Pageant of English Poetry,** and at the mere cost of two shillings, they have included 1,150 poems and extracts of poems by three hundred authors. Everything in the way of alphabetical order, indexes, and general arrangement has been done with a view to making it a handy book for reference. It is certainly admirable for this purpose, and as a book for pleasure it is equally so. The contents have not been rigorously selected as examples of poetic genius, but the standard is high, and many beautiful and unfamiliar poems and parts of poems have found a place here. It is, indeed, a thoroughly fascinating collection to add to the shelf on which already stand "The Golden Treasury" and "The Oxford Book of English Verse."

MR. W. HEINEMANN.

A handsome and altogether charming volume has been compiled by Mr. Henry Van Dyke under the title of **The Poetry of Nature** (6s. net). He has gathered sixty poems into his pages, poems showing Nature in all moods and seasons. Clouds, snow, rain, sun, birds, flowers, and the great lessons of the earth and sky are described here by poets of England and poets of America. Many an unfamiliar gem has been included in this Nature chain. We ourselves came with an excitement of pleasure upon a poem which has haunted us for many years, authorless and nameless, viz. "The Sandpiper" by Celia Thaxter. We must not forget to mention the noticeable beauty of the numerous photogravure plates; these illustrations are direct from Nature, and they hold the mists and gleams of the varying year from spring to winter.

MESSRS. GREENING & CO.

A bright novel which will please scores of readers is **Her Suburban Highness,** by Gurner Gillman (6s.). The author has taken a lovely and lively German princess, set her for a while in the midst of coercion and foolish matrimonial arrangements, and then spirited her off to suburban England to mystify and check her royal parent and his advisers and assert her own rights of choice. The Goddess in the Car in the tale is the aunt of the princess, Duchess Buda, and together they bring about the very end which every one—even the Kaiser—desired. The princess is rather surprisingly slangy sometimes when she is angry, but her love-story is never dull, and the pictures of Germany and Suburbia are sharply drawn and amusing.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

Thrills, sensations, and adventures are packed with generous skill into **An Imperial Marriage,** by A. W. Marchmont (6s.). This is a modern story of life in Berlin, and the man who ostensibly tells the story is the lately resigned Berlin Special Correspondent of the *London Newsletter*. How he, Herr Bastable, became gradually and dangerously netted into the intrigues which sprang up in connection with a certain arranged Imperial marriage is ingeniously and attractively related. A capital book for dull, or tired, or unoccupied persons; its first chapter will take them at once into another environment and give them a complete change of air and scene.

A volume from the pen of Mrs. Marie C. Leighton always promises a real plot and some sensational reading. Her latest novel, **Deep Waters** (6s.), is well up to her usual standard; and from the very first page we feel that there will be serious trouble before our two happy lovers, Brian Howard and Aline Darcy, are allowed to fulfil the promise of the first scene in the little country church where their banns are read for the third time. For a while trouble crowds upon trouble, and, seemingly, crime upon crime. But we know Mrs. Leighton too well to doubt her. "There is no happiness like the happiness that comes after sorrow," said the bride's father, as he watched his daughter and his son-in-law after the long-delayed ceremony had taken place; and all her readers will approve of the authoress when she rings down her curtain to the sound of three separate wedding-peals.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus send us a most attractive edition of R. L. Stevenson's **Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes** (7s. 6d. net). It is illustrated in colour by Noel Rooke, and has very interesting and enlightening map-plans for its end-papers. Perhaps none of Stevenson's works was more truly Stevensonian than this description of his travels. "The journey which this little book is to describe was very agreeable and fortunate to me," wrote Stevenson to Mr. Sidney Colvin; and the spirit of the happy philosopher shines now through the pages. Mr. Noel Rooke, who has followed in Stevenson's footsteps (but without his affectionate but capricious Modestine), seems also, by the grace and tenderness of his illustrations, to have felt the charm of the Cevennes.

Mr. Henry Frowde has produced just the very right series of booklets for Christmas gifts. In the **Oxford Moment Series** (1s. net each) we have good material most elegantly presented. Four little volumes lie before us, each in a different binding. "Omar Khayyam" is charming in soft dull green velvet-leather; "Marcus Aurelius" is equally pretty in soft brown embossed leather; Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" are daintiness itself in white silk with a design of violets scattered over it, and "Dickens" (extracts) is in white vellum with a medallion portrait. Each tiny volume contains a delicately coloured portrait in "miniature" style, and the end papers are particularly pretty. Altogether a most daintily attractive quartette.

We are glad to welcome Messrs. Seeley & Co.'s new edition of **Aspects of Modern Oxford,** by A. D. Godley (2s. net). Mr. Godley offers, quite rightly, no apology for reprinting his "*Modern* Oxford" after sixteen years, without additions. We wanted the same book again, for it is a sane and amusing and entertaining volume; and as for the things which have altered—in page and in illustration, it is interesting both to find and to miss the little changes in thought and fashion.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.'s **People's Library** (8d. net and 1s. 6d. net) continues its useful career. Among its new volumes are Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," Charlotte Brontë's "Villette," Dumas' "Black Tulip," Jane Austen's "Mansfield Park," Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables," and many another treasure. It provides a splendid library, and may be obtained in cloth and in leather.

Messrs. Longmans' **Pocket Library** (2s. 6d. net, 3s. 6d. net) is one which stands out noticeably in the numerous series of reprints. It presents in handy, inexpensive form books of varied style but unvaried worth. The two latest volumes are "The Light of the World," by Sir Edwin Arnold, and "German Love" ("Deutsche Liebe"), by F. Max Muller.

Henry Seton Merriman's works have remained impressed upon our memory as fine, absorbing novels, books of good writing and good material, intensely interesting, and marked by a certain dignity and sense of proportion. Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. are issuing a most tempting series of his works in small, attractive form. **The Sowers, Roden's Corner, Flotsam In Kedar's Tents,** and **With Edged Tools** are among those already published (2s. net and 3s. net).

Mr. H. H. Cunynghame's volume on **Time and Clocks** (Constable, 2s. 6d. net) has triumphantly reached another edition, and has proved by time and its usefulness that it is miles removed from the work of the bookmaker. His subject is one which so easily might have tempted a man to "mug it up," but, instead, it tempted Mr. Cunynghame to put his whole heart into tracing the subject from the beginning, and by giving us not only a history of the measurement of time, but the science of it too. *And*—he has made his book very interesting as well as thorough.

New Books of the Month.

FROM SEPTEMBER 10 TO OCTOBER 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BOWNE, BORDEN PARKER.—Studies in Christianity. 6s. net .....(Constable)
CAMERON, ADELAIDE M.—Christ in Daily Life. A Consecutive Narrative of the Life of Our Lord. For Daily Reading. 1s. 6d. net .....(Allenson)
CLARK, REV. HENRY W.—Laws of the Inner Kingdom. 3s. 6d. net .....(R. Scott)
Confessions of St. Augustine, The. Translated by Edward Bouverie Pusey, D.D. Edited by Temple Scott. With Illustrations by Maxwell Armfield. 7s. 6d. net (Chatto)
CRAUFURD, REV. A. H., M.A.—The Religion of H. G. Wells, and Other Essays. 3s. 6d. net .....(Fisher Unwin)
Expository Times, The, Vol. XX. 7s. 6d. ....(T. & T. Clark)
FORSYTH, P. T., M.A., D.D.—The Cruciality of the Cross. 5s. .....(Hodder & Stoughton)
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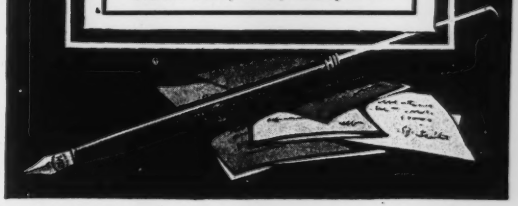

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